

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away...



Bungo n' Rusti Get Carry-out
by Jim Anderson



"...to carry non-SoroSulbo cargo." I know. We'll just say they're consumables. With the way you eat, who would argue?

Now, we just pick some backwater world to unload them on!



Ah, another ship. Let's see what they have for us.

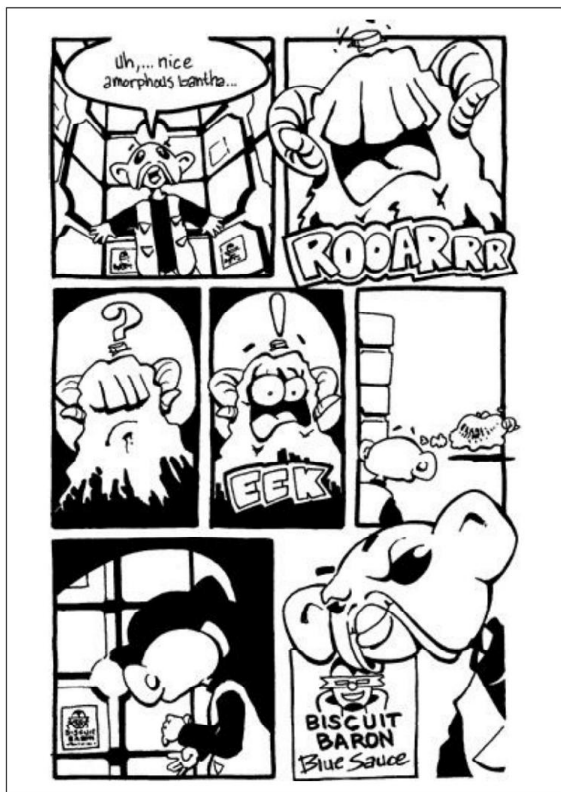
Captain Winkle, we found nothing out of the ordinary except several crates of Bantha Breakfast Biscuits.





There it is!
Gastrula!





You made it back, Bungo! Come tell them how I just kicked your choobies on the Saltine Run!

You're looking at the new record holder for the most barge hauled over a distance of thirty-five parsecs with an in-orbit docking!

Poor of Bungo and the Chubby Gundark never even made it into the station.

So, I guess it's time to pay up, huh kids?

There was a bet, too?

The new kid doesn't know the story.

Yeah, Bungo. Tell him what really happened.

I'd be thrilled, Rusti.

It began a week ago, right here. G'Lunga was bragging... as usual...

The Home Guards after me to join. "We need you, G'Lunga!" I told them I'd think about it to get 'em off my back.

Do something about your droid, Bungo. She bugs me. Besides, you know I'm the best, right pal?

Well, I... The only reason anyone thinks you're the best, G'Lunga, is because that's what you tell them!

The Chubby Gundark can fly circles around your piece of scrap!

What are you saying, droid?

Put your credits where your mouth is... on the Saltine Run!

You're on!

Does anyone care what I think?

You can take this clown, Bungo. He's just a big gloomship!

Besides, the Saltine Run is a cakewalk.*

Cakewalk?*

* Sullustan for "blowhard".

* Basic for "easy as pie".

Saltine, Bestine, Tatooine... all outlying worlds that are not entirely self-sufficient and need regular deliveries of consumables. Large deliveries can be very profitable and very dangerous.

There is a rivalry between Sorosab cargo barge pilots for the most barges hauled over a prescribed distance. The record for the Saltine Run with an in-orbit docking (36.5 parsecs) is thirteen barges!

Obviously the Sullustan idea of "cakewalk" is inconsistent with the rest of the galaxy's.

I think I'll just lie down for a bit.

No time! I've got a record to break!



While I was getting the ship prepped...

And that's the deal?

Yep.

I'll give you his realspace inversion coordinates and you stop Bungo Bung's ship, Magness.

And we split the winnings and keep his cargo.

Deal?

Deal.

I always knew you were scummy G'Lunga...

...This just confirms it.

Hey, I didn't see a thing.

Good girl.

Hangin' around with pirates will ruin your good reputation.

You're asking for a memory wipe, droid.

Now, I've got a ship of my own to prep.

The next standard day...

Bungo, do you copy?
This is Unga aboard the
Drzhigo Bubbo wind.*

*Roughly translates as
Babe Magnet.

I just wanted to state
the rules - for the
record and all.

We're each
carrying fourteen
barges. The first
to come out of
hyperspace at
the following
coordinates in the
Saltine system
and dock at the
station gets the
record and two
months of the
other's pay.

So, if you're
ready, here
we go!

I'm looking forward to
spending your money,
Bungo, heh, heh.

It's not too
late to let me
out, is it?

It was too
late when you
opened your
mouth.

Now let's make the jump
to lightspeed.

Yeah, I'm here.

later...

Well, things are
going alright.

C'mon! Let's get
to the bridge!

WEEEEEOOOOO

Rusti!!
We're
coming
apart!!

Remind me to flush
your memory when we
get back!!

Have you
been talking
to G'Lunga?

Got it!!
We're dropping
to sublight!

Look! There it
is! Saltine!
And no sign of
G'Lunga!

Uh, Bungo, we've got
another ship coming in...
fast.

G'Lunga?

Well...
no.

Bungo?

I have
something
to tell you.

and...

Pirates?!!
And you
didn't tell
me?!!

I'm telling
you now.

BOOM!

Chubby Gundark!
This is the pirate
ship Griffin!

Prepare to be
boarded!

Rusti, raise
shields and power
up the guns.

Bungo, what
are you
doing?

May I remind you that
they outgun us?

Shut up,
Rusti!

thud.

Fritch?
What was
that?

They're
firing
at us
Cap'n!

And now
they're
running!

Well,
Stop them!!

Evasive Maneuvers!

Now let's
get out
of here!

They're
swinging
around
again!



What was that?!

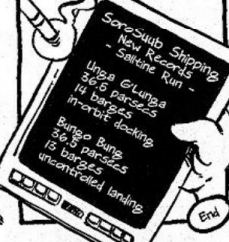
We've lost all directional control!!



Well, if you thought by killing me that you'd get out of your servitude, you may have just succeeded.



On my mark, jettison barge number one!



A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away...



Because we've got a pick-up to make, Rusti.



And I was expecting something, beyond the mundane.

We're supposed to meet our client in a cantina near here.



Like that dump there?



Apparently they don't allow droids inside. You'll have to wait here.

Sorry.

Yeah, I'm sorry too.



It'll be nice to get out of this heat, though.

I hope you freeze your shobbers off in there!



What are you looking at?

boop?



Mr. Bung?



I'm Carl Grooburr. You must be the one SoroSuub sent to transport my nek puppies.

Nek puppies?



Cyberian battle dogs. I breed them. I have a friend at SoroSuub who owes me a favor and I stand to make a mint off of this shipment so I can leave this rock.

Comon... let me get you something.



BAARRCH! No Blasters!



Now, I just sign here, right?

Buh...



I'll have the neks sent to your docking bay... Then I'm out of here.

Oh, and you might want to get a hat, your ears are burning.

Buh...



So, are we set, or are you going to leave me to bake in these twin suns some more?



I need you to go back to the ship and oversee the cargo transfer.

And you...?

I'm going to buy a hat.



A short time later...

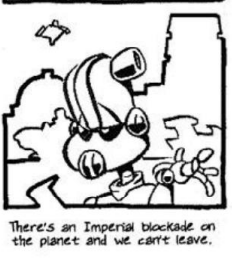
Nice hat, Bungo.



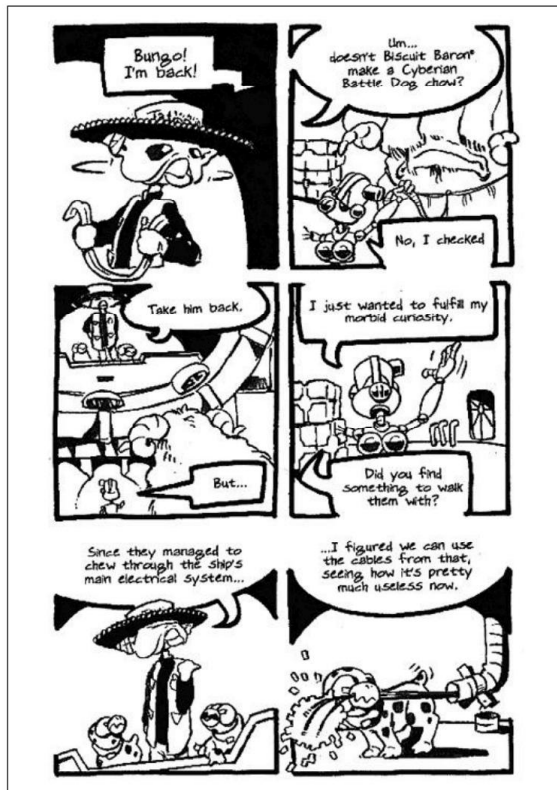
It's all they had. Did you get the cargo loaded?

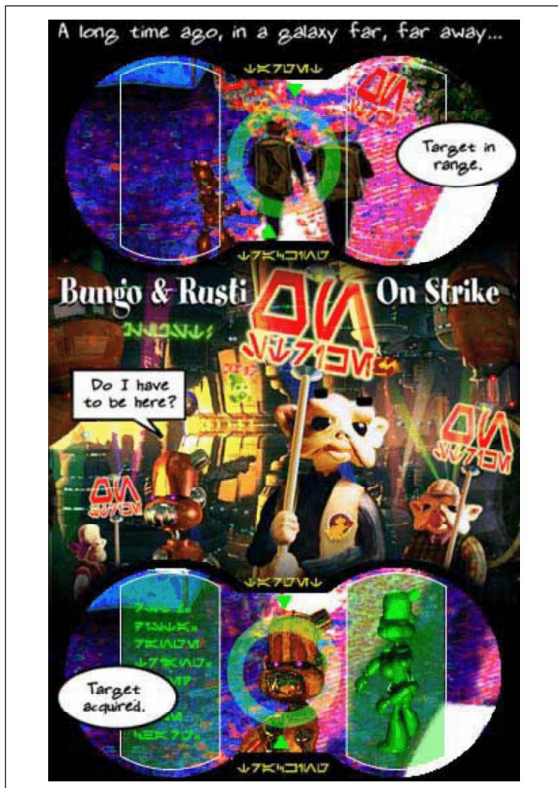
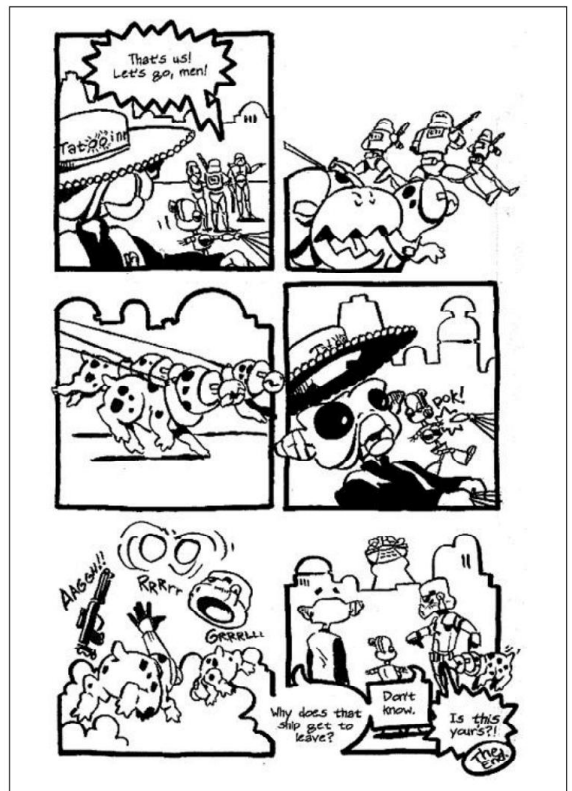


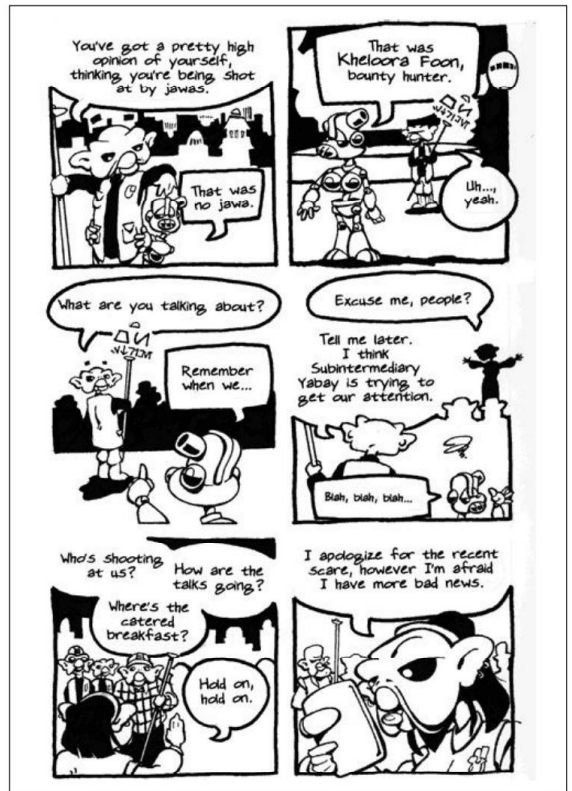
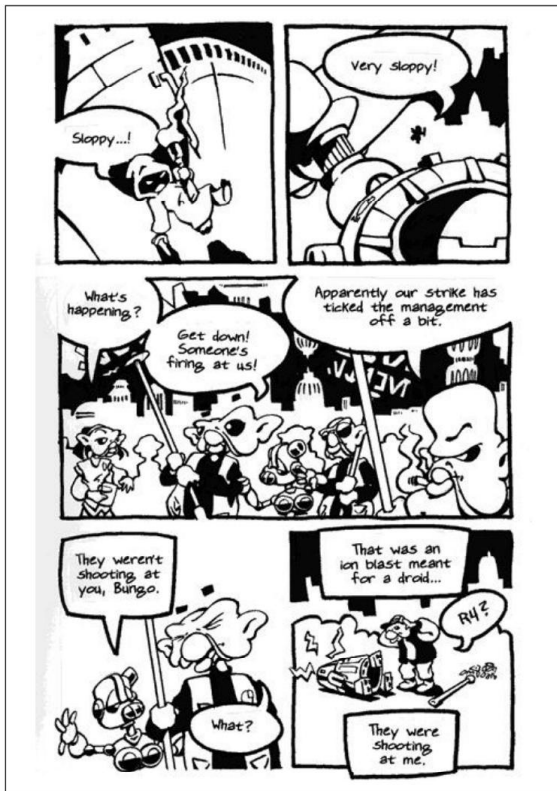
Yeah, but we have a problem.



There's an Imperial blockade on the planet and we can't leave.









A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away...



How do you plan to save Rusti from the bounty hunter?

Bungo & Rusti On Strike part two

I don't know...

I'm making this up as I go.

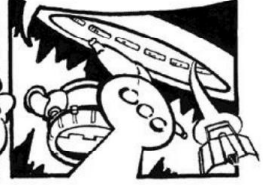


You don't have a plan?

I have something that resembles a plan.



Now, there are only two routes Khelora Foon can take from Sullust before making the jump to Mephaut space.



One happens to be the same route that the SoroSuub reps are coming in on.



Unfortunately, there's a Home Guard cruiser waiting to escort them, so she won't go that way.



That's where G'Lunga comes in...



If you want to attract that cruiser, G'Lunga, this has got to look convincing.



Magness! Lay off the lasers a bit!!

Prak!



Besides... this is a whole lot of fun!



It's working!

I'm out of here!

See ya!



How do you plan on stopping the reps?

Luck?



Oh, no!

I think your bounty hunter is outrunning us!



Maybe Rusti can help us.



Rusti?

Mmmmmvhaas?



I think I've got her!

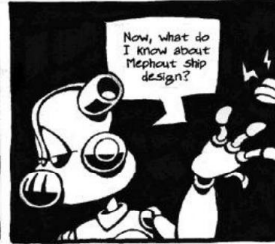


Rusti, can you do something to slow Khelora Foon's ship down?

I'll try.



What's this? Restraining bot? Ppibit!



Now, what do I know about Mephaut ship design?



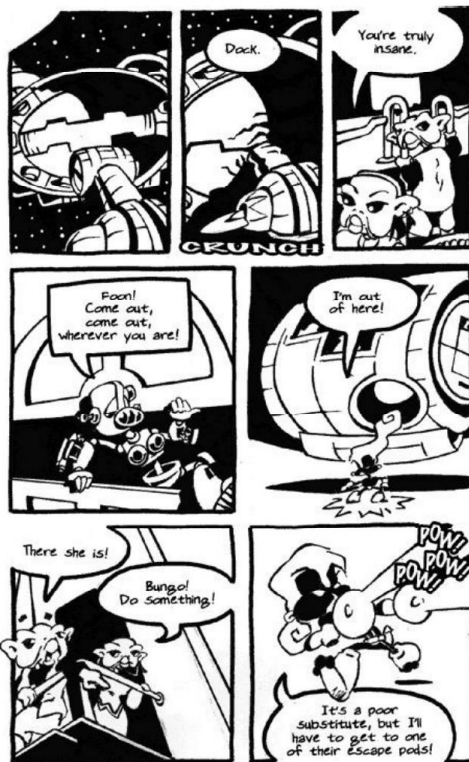
Ah, here we go!



Could this be the main line to helm control?

Oh, so sorry!

Kiip!



What are you doing?!

Hopefully not getting us killed!

Top Top

SCRAKOW!

Erk!

I'd stick my tongue out if I had one.

I'm not through with you yet, droid.

I think you are. The Home Guard will be happy to get their hands on you.

I've got that covered.

Captain... we're receiving a distress call.

Nice job, but what about the reps?

click

The SoroSuub Reps will be here anytime. They have to respond to any distress call.

Brilliant!

Bungo, that was...

That will keep them occupied long enough to miss the talks.

Try lucky.

Do we have a clamp for her lips?

So...uh...Ibbee, dinner, my place, tonight?

um...

No, but I think I can get Rusti to.

You cook?

I knew I couldn't trust you with that code, Bungo!

The End

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away...

We've lost all power!

Hang on, Rusti!

Rusti?!

Bungo & Rusti are CASTAWAYS

Owww!!

Ship's Log: We ran into an uncharted ion storm which sucked all of the ship's power, forcing us to crash. I don't know where we are, and I'm probably going to get fired!

Rusti?

I guess the ion storm got you, too.

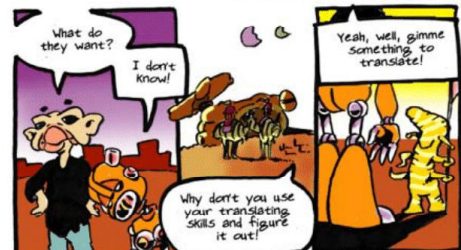
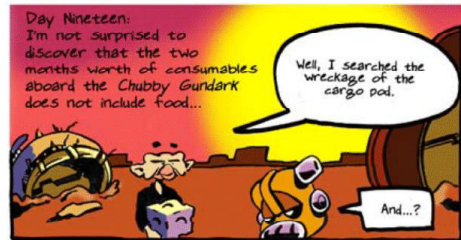
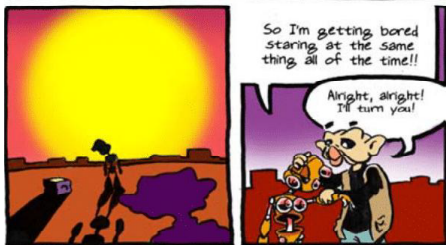
This should do it...

I can't move.

Hello! There's not enough power in the generator!! Idiot! I can't BELIEVE this! Where are you going? Fix it!

I should have routed the power so all you could do is make hand gestures.

Can you guess what hand gesture I'm thinking of now?!



Worst case scenario: they want to eat you.

I'm sorry to inform them that they're going to go hungry!

Maybe we can trade them something. Whatever we got?

Two hundred and thirty seven crates of ceremonial temple sippers minus the one I ate.

And that won't do them much good. Anatomically speaking, I mean.

Then again...

Let's see... You look like about a...um... size five!

Day Twenty-seven: Tragedy struck!

Go away!

Get off!

Bungo! Help me!!

Shoo! Shoo!

Um... how do things look from up there?

Pretty #0A!! Horreks!!

Day Forty-five: Dismayed over the loss of Rusti, my hope is renewed as a way off this planet presents itself...

Greetings friend! I'm Maorlie Boobch! We're from the Sunfighter Franchise professional entertainment troupe! You may have heard of us, though we're not associated with that group out in the Corporate Sector! They sure gave us a little bad press a while back!

We had to set down here to get our bearings when we noticed your little outpost! You don't understand, do you?

What?

Does anyone speak Sullustan? Anyone? No? Nobody? That's alright! We speak the interstellar language!

The language of "Entertainment"!

Ooh! Let's do a show!

Day Forty-six: Rusti would have hated this.

Aliens and Gentlebeings...!

The Sunfighter Franchise presents...

clap clap clap clap

Our famous trained banthas!

Snatch!

crunch crunch

Well, that was rather rude.

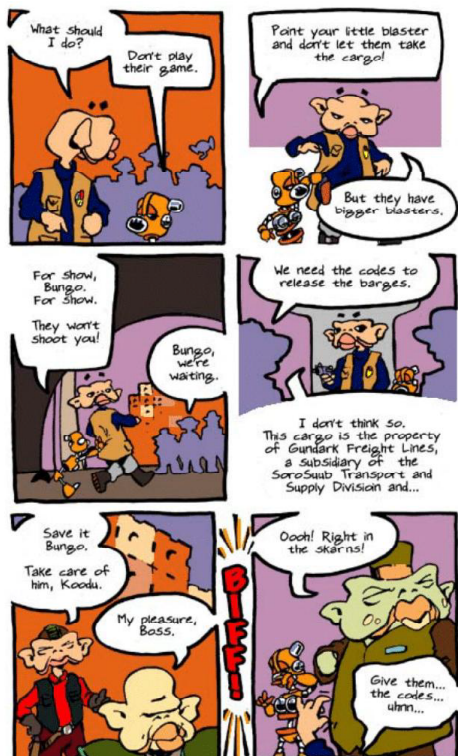
I'll warm up the engines, sir.

Ah, my brother... how the mighty starship captain has fallen.
 Hello, Rhobare.
 What happened to you up there, Bungo?
 I was marooned for two months!
 No matter. Nothing a little work won't alleviate. Though it won't make up for the time you were gone.
 Right! And he can start by helping me in the fermentation plant!
 After he helps me in the fields!
 No, no, no...!
 Yeah?
 Bungo? It's Ibbes! I managed to talk them into giving you your job back!
 You know, nephew? Dad says that "your leaving to go fitting around the galaxy" is what killed grampa.
 Umm...
 Rusti? We're out of here.

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away...
 Who's the guy that looks like Jabba the Hutt?
Bungo and Rusti Join the Rebellion??!! part 1

That would be Inspector Thragg.
 The company sent him along to watch. Apparently I'm under probation.
 That's right, Bung!
 You think you're pretty smart. Got a girlfriend on the inside to get your job back!
 Well, one more screw up and I'll be on you like a Rancor on a Gamorrean!
 Tweet! Tweet!
 And Bebe here will record it so we can watch it over and over and over...
 Now get this thing moving!
 I am you Bebe...
 What was that?

Get away from me!
 Six very long hours.
 Tweet!
 We should arrive at Shas Van in six more hours.
BAM! BAM! BAM! Wrr Wrr Wrr
 What's happening?!! The hyperdrive cut out!!
 This is not my fault!!
 Where are we?
 System number SUL44736R.
 Still in Sullustan territory but pretty far from anything.
 Why would the hyperdrive go out? There are no gravity anomalies out here.
 I'm checking...
BEEP BEEP BEEP
 Oh, no! Bungo!

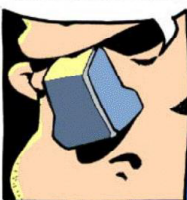




Meanwhile, in another part of Sulastan territory...



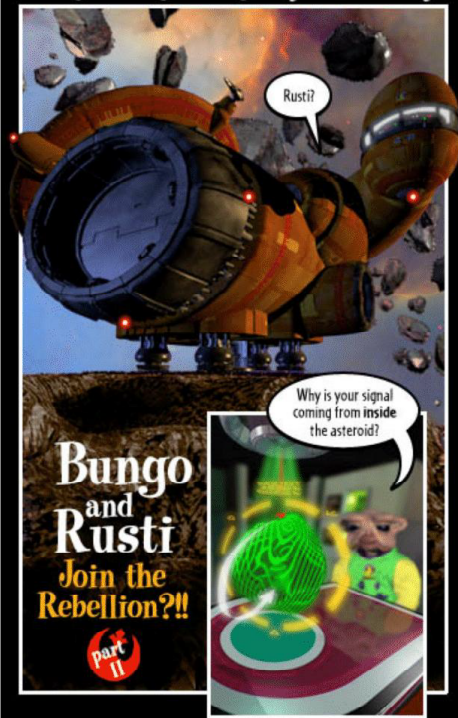
Excellent. Set an intercept course.



Bungo follows Rusti's signal to...



A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away...



Not far away...

Captain, we've entered system SUL44736R.

Excellent.

We've tracked the operative's signal to an asteroid field at the edge of the system.

Shall I lay in a course?

Beautiful, isn't it, Applederry?

The Solonis Nebula. It's ironic that such beauty will play as a backdrop to the carnage we will inflict on Nunb and his mercenaries.

Sir?

Wouldn't you agree, ensign? No, of course not. Such things are beyond the likes of you...

Um...

I'll just lay in that course then.

This was pretty stupid of you, Bungo.

Did you think you could just waltz in and out of here with your cargo?

I didn't come for the cargo. I came for my idiot droid.

Explain.

She stowed herself in one of the crates you took aboard your ship.

Search the cargo and bring her to me.

Stupid, Bungo. Very stupid.

Yeah, well what kind of idiot keeps his base in the same system he pirates ships in so anyone can just track them back?

Stupid. Nien. Very stupid.

Eep!

I wonder if it's safe to come out yet.

Eek!

Still lurking about!

WOOP! WOOP!

Proximity alert, Chief! Looks like an Imperial Nebulon B at the edge of the system!

What's that!

The alarm!

And how do YOU suppose they found us, Rusti?

Beats me.

Why don't you ask Phragg's little narc, Bebe. I followed...

her here.

We did. She didn't know anything.

Are you implying something?

She had no transmitter and no tracking device. Phragg had already checked out Bungo and the Chubby Gundark!

That leaves you!

Phragg works for you?

Speaking of Phragg... what did you do with him?

Not to mention that I don't need any Imps knocking on my front door... so...

Take her apart!

Don't worry. I'll putcha back together when I get the chance.

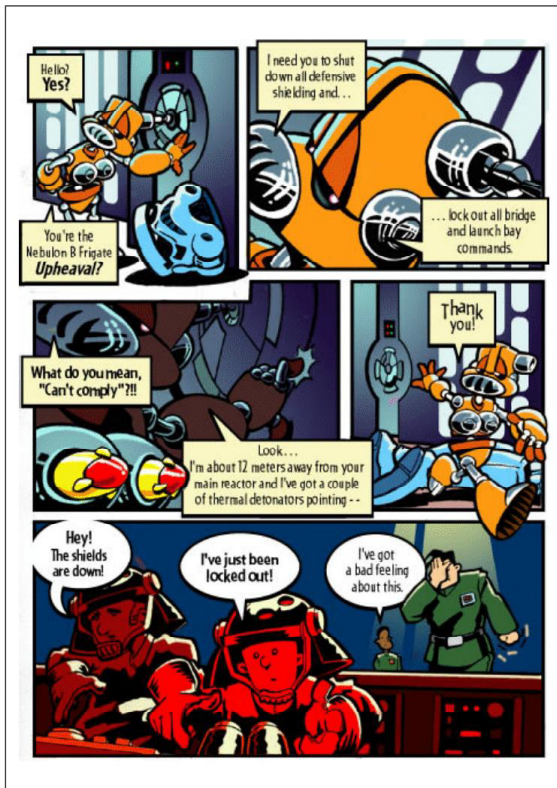
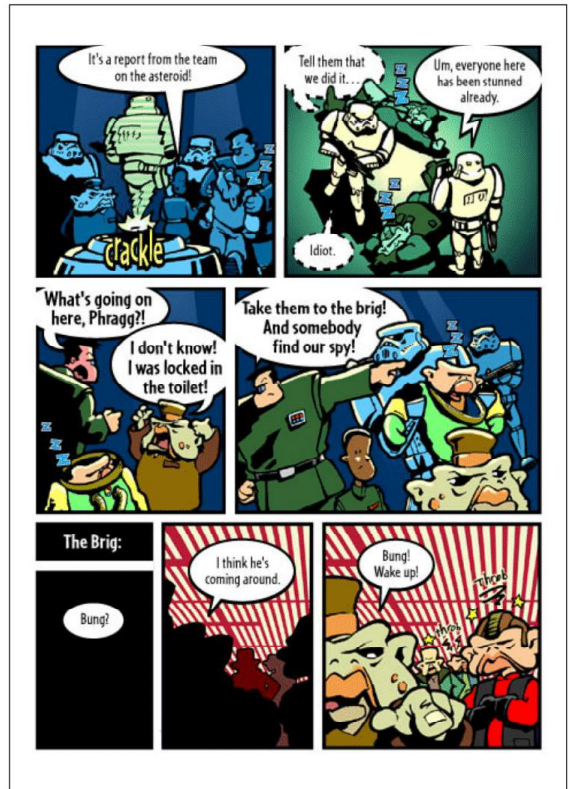
Really.

I wouldn't...

click.

FLASH!





STAR WARS

THE CLONE WARS



The Clone Wars: Hunting the Hunters (Part I)

Story by Pablo Hidalgo

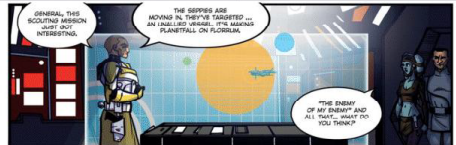
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Letters by Grant Gould

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STAR WARS

THE CLONE WARS



*KIT FISTO
hunts down
an unknown
enemy on
Rooni!*

The Clone Wars: Hunting the Hunters (Part II)

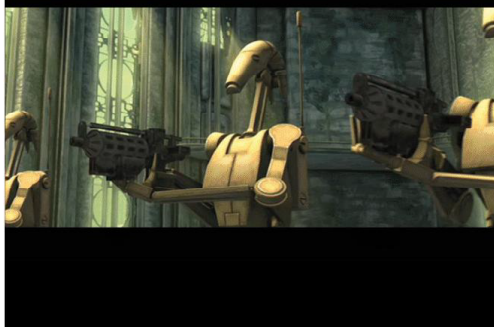
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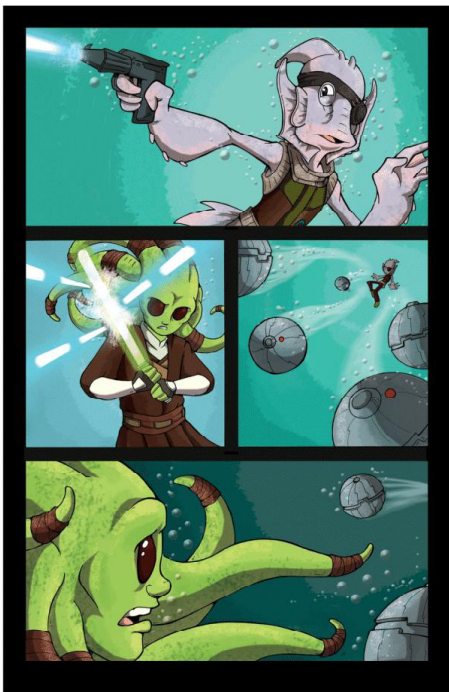
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STAR WARS

THE CLONE WARS



*The Republic fears
the return of an old threat
in the MOONS of ISGO*

The Clone Wars: Hunting the Hunters (Part III)

Story by Pablo Hidalgo

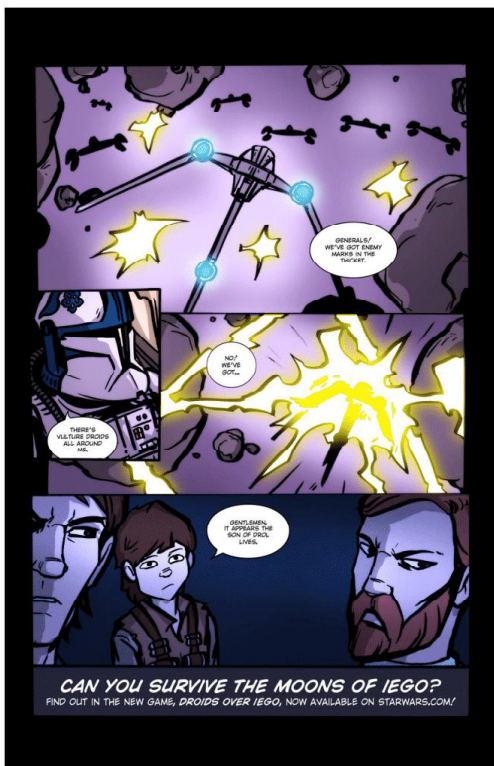
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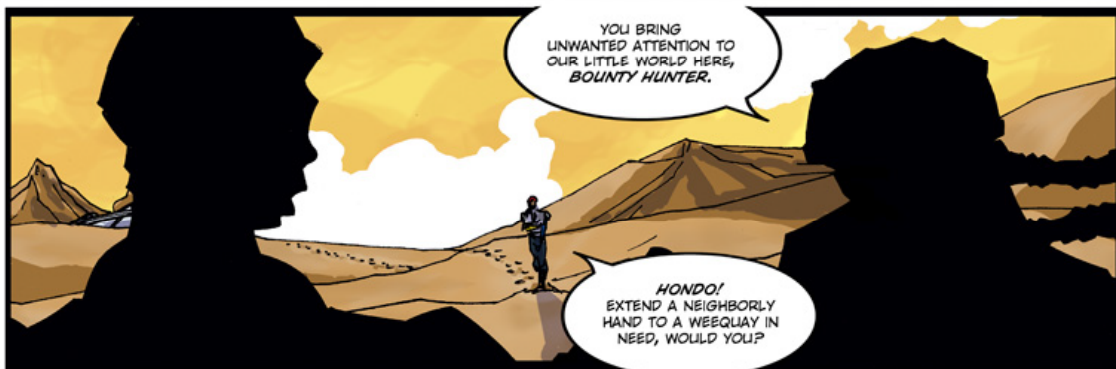
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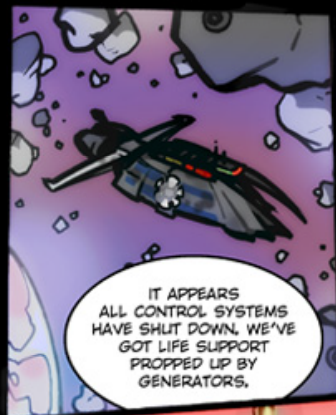


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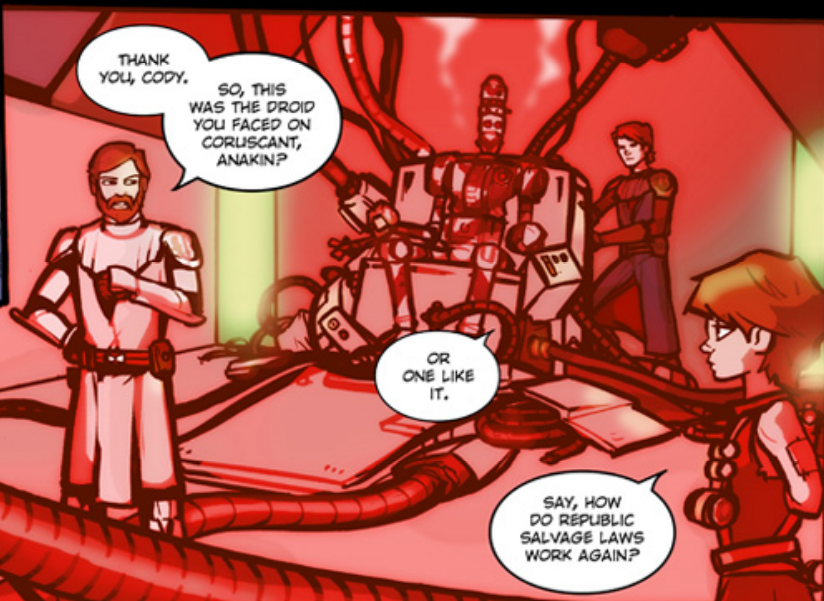
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IT APPEARS
ALL CONTROL SYSTEMS
HAVE SHUT DOWN. WE'VE
GOT LIFE SUPPORT
PROPPED UP BY
GENERATORS.



THANK
YOU, CODY.

SO, THIS
WAS THE DROID
YOU FACED ON
CORUSCANT,
ANAKIN?

OR
ONE LIKE
IT.

SAY, HOW
DO REPUBLIC
SALVAGE LAWS
WORK AGAIN?



DON'T
GET TOO MANY
IDEAS, KID.

I DIDN'T
THINK JEDI WENT
IN FOR THE TROPHY
THING.



WE DON'T.
WE ALSO DON'T
LIKE DANGEROUS
TOYS FALLING INTO
THE WRONG
HANDS.

THIS
NEEDS
TO BE
STUDIED.



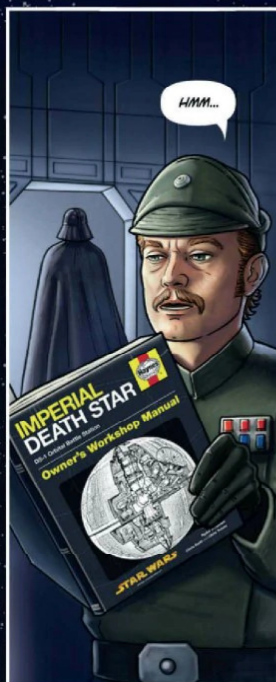
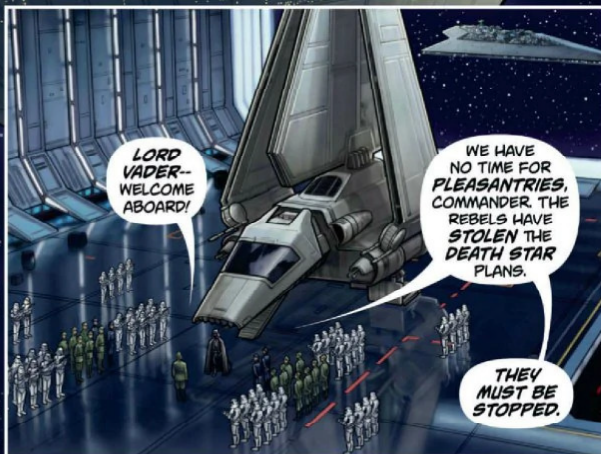
COME ON, SKYWALKER.
THIS THING IS JUST SCRAP.
IT'S DEAD...



...I MEAN,
THAT'S THE LAST
OF IT... ISN'T
IT?



AN IMPERIAL ADVERTORIAL



EVEN THE EMPIRE NEEDS A LITTLE HELP SOMETIMES! GET YOUR DEATH STAR MANUAL FROM HAYNES.CO.UK/DEATHSTAR OR ANY GOOD BOOKSTORE!



COSMIC COMICS

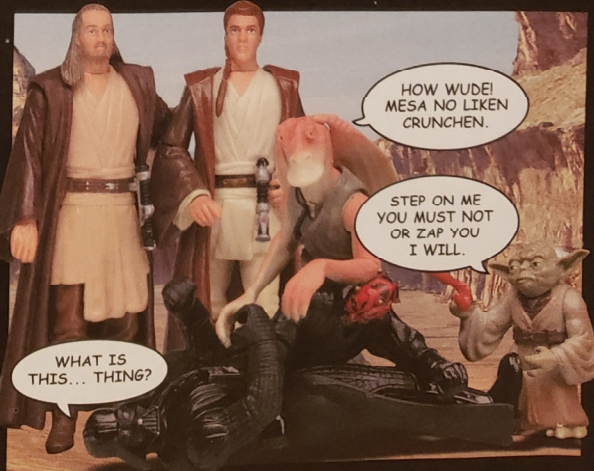
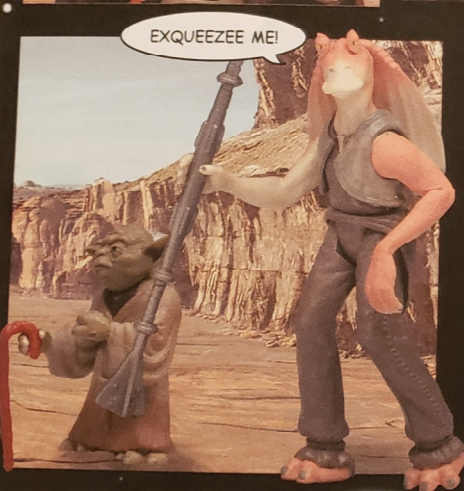
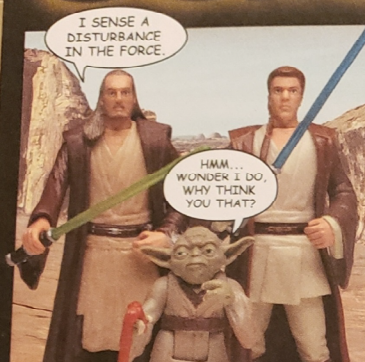
A wacky comic strip from a galaxy far, far away...

Chewie Goes to the Dentist



COMIC LINK

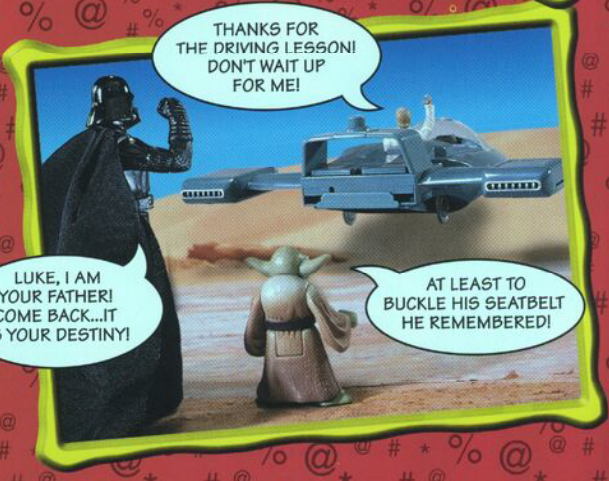
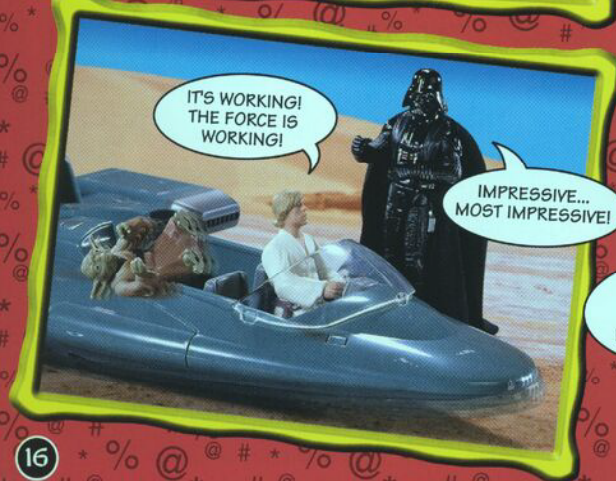
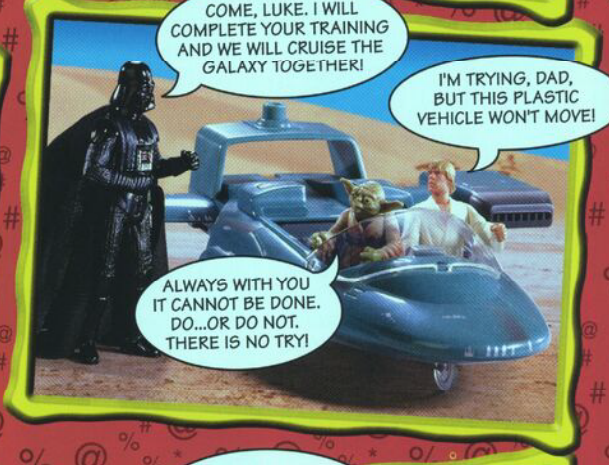
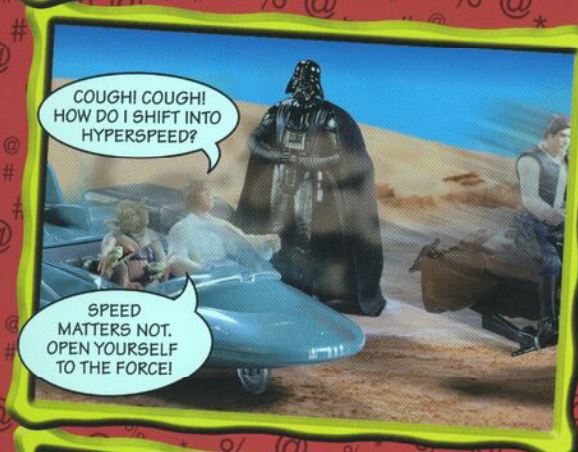
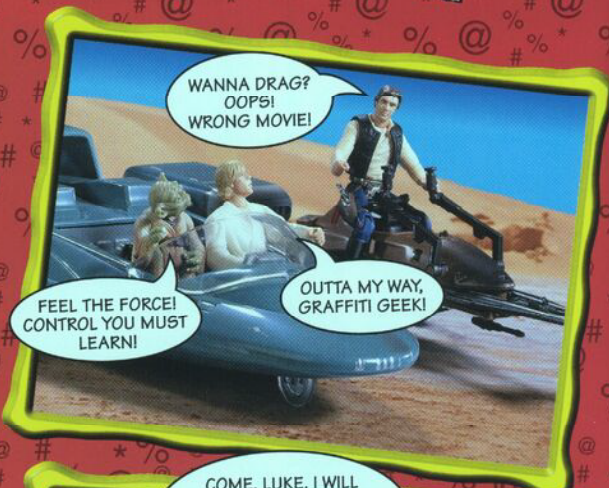
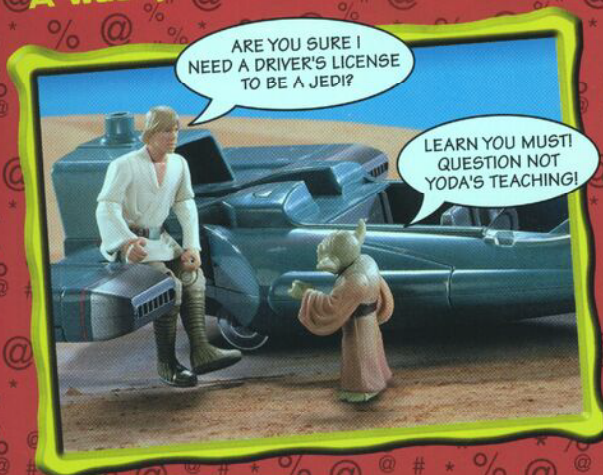
A long time ago
in a mixed-up galaxy
far, far away...

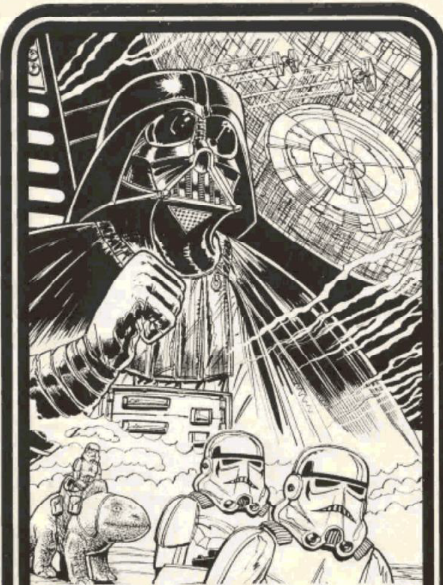


COSMIC COMICS

A wacky comic strip from a galaxy far, far away...

**Yoda
Teaches
Driver's
Ed**





Darth Vader's™ final orders crackled through each Trooper's headset. The words were chillingly clear, "Either come back with the plans or don't come back at all!"

12back.com

It seemed impossible! Two mindless *droids*™ had made off with design prints of the Empire's most devastating weapon...*Death Star*!™

As the search squad left the Imperial Cruiser, a report came through from the on-board Scanning Stations. The *droids*' Escape Pod had been tracked to an arid region on Tatooine known as the Central Lowlands. The exact ground position had been lost as the Pod went beyond the Scanner's range, but, in all that sand, a metal Pod should not be hard to find, not with the *Imperial Troop Transporter*!™



12back.com



Landing at pre-set coordinates, the *Troop Transporter* of the *Imperial Empire* was there to meet them...long, sleek, deadly, with the Imperial Crest over the side hatches. The great, steel blue craft was operated by two drivers and could hold all six members of the search squad. Each Trooper entered a *Traveling Rack* on the side of the *Transporter*. They rode standing up in individual racks since their white and black armor made it almost impossible to sit. The rear of the vehicle contained a *Prisoner Immobilization Unit* for the detention and taming of renegade droids. And, for heavy resistance, there was always the *Laser Blaster* mounted on the upper deck. Even at night, the *Transporter* looked fearsome with the glare of its black, flip-up lights.

One driver reported that *Deathback*™ ground units had spotted the Pod just a short distance to the north. Not bad for a *Deathback* outfit! But, the *Transporter* would take over the search from that point. It could cover twice the distance in half the time.

The *Transporter* hovered a few feet above the surface and sped to the Pod landing sight, but the droids and the plans had long since gone. They

12back.com



left only two sets of tracks in the sand that were spared by the mid-day winds. The *Deathback* had already gone after one set of tracks. The *Transporter* locked onto the other set and headed east.

The *Surface Scanner* in the *Transporter* soon picked up an old Class "D" transport slogging through the sand. Something the *Jawas*™ called a *Sandcrawler*.™ Over the external sound system, they were ordered to halt in the name of the Empire. They kept moving. Two rounds were fired across the *Sandcrawler* bow from the 50 megatons Blaster on the upper deck. The *Jawas* stopped and came out to greet the imperial boarding party.

They had many droids in their inventory, but not the ones *Darth Vader* wanted back. Two droids were looted from the cargo bay and placed in the *Droid Prisoner Compartment* for further "questioning." A sale had been recorded to one Owen Skywalker of two droids for his moisture farm. That's all the Troop Commander had to hear. The order was given to open fire and the *Jawas* were cut down in mid-step... defenseless.

12back.com

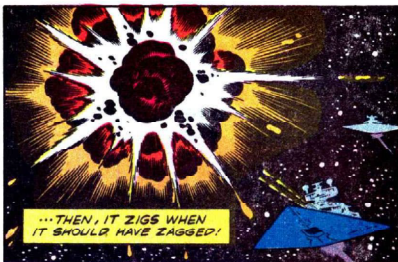
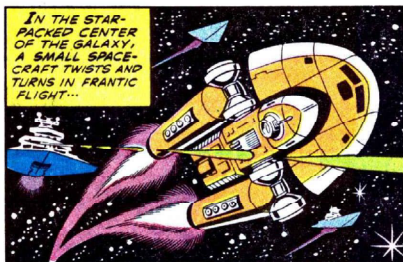
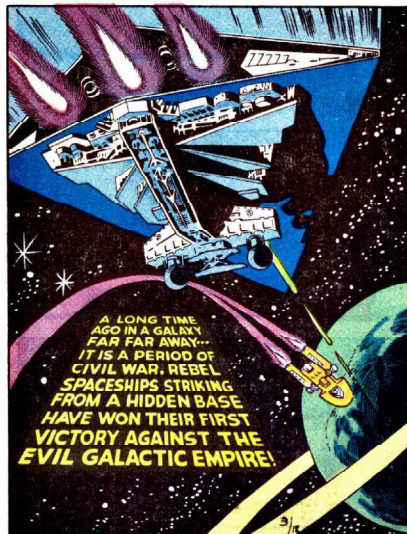
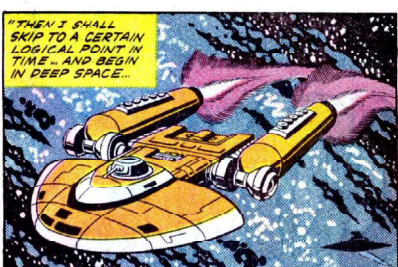
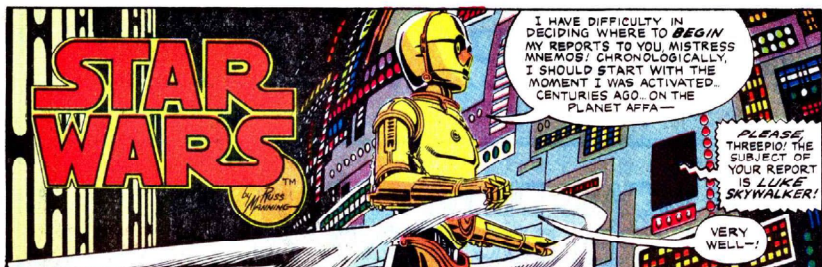
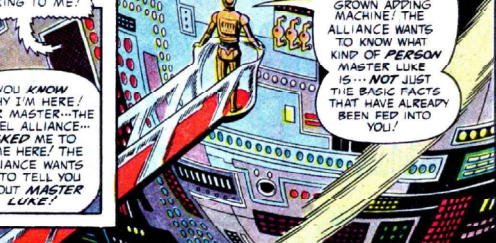
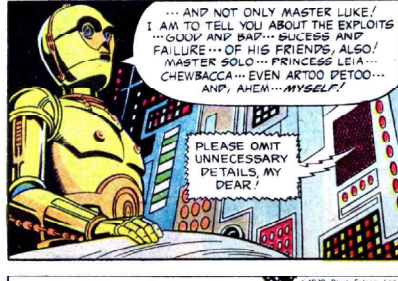
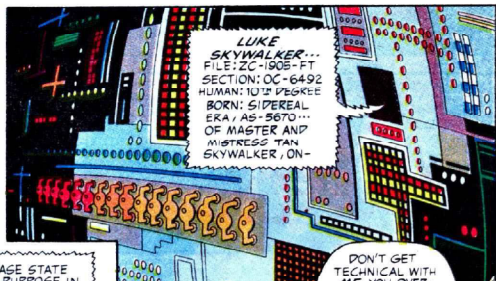
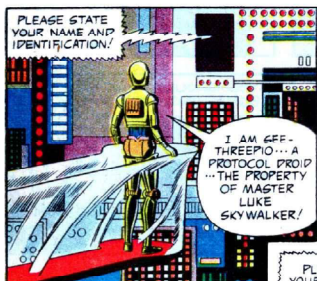
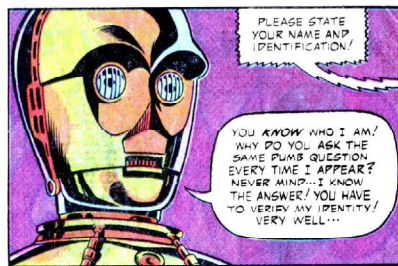
As the *Transporter* left to find the Skywalker farm, the heavy gun fired once at the Sandcrawler's mid-section. It exploded and burst into flames.

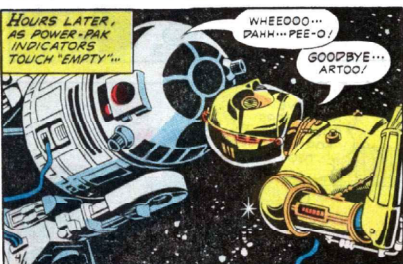
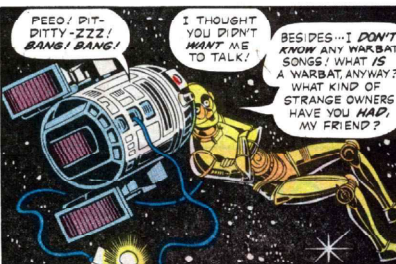
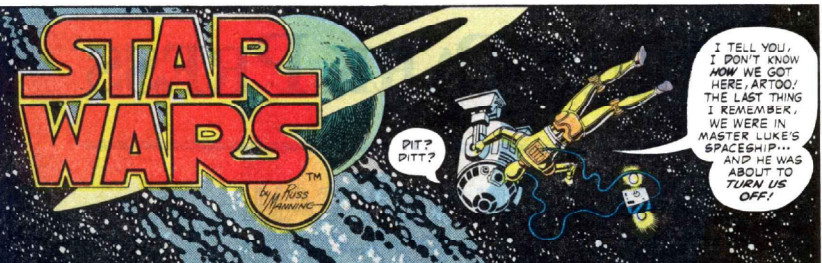
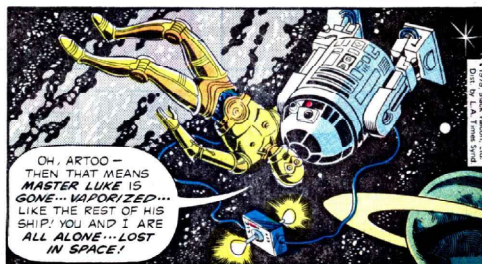
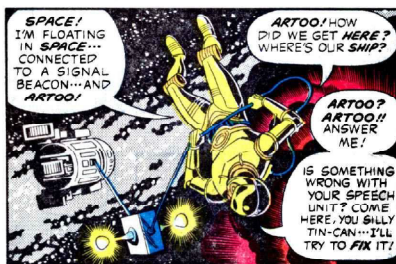
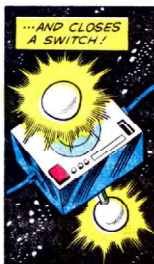
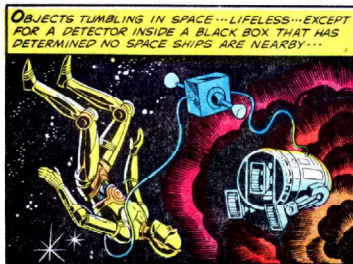
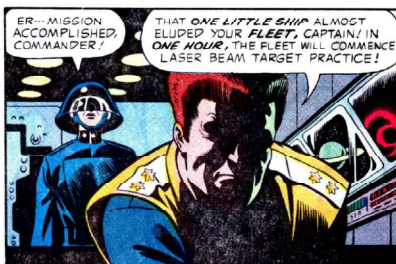


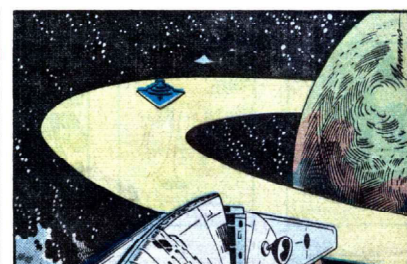
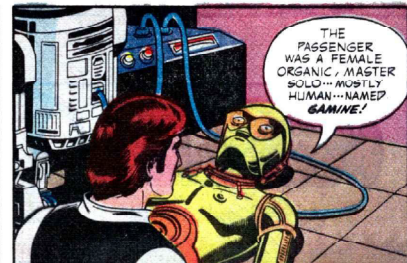
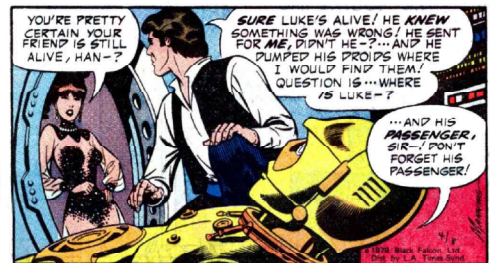
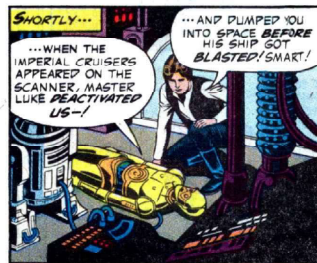
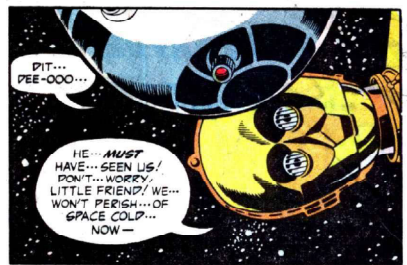
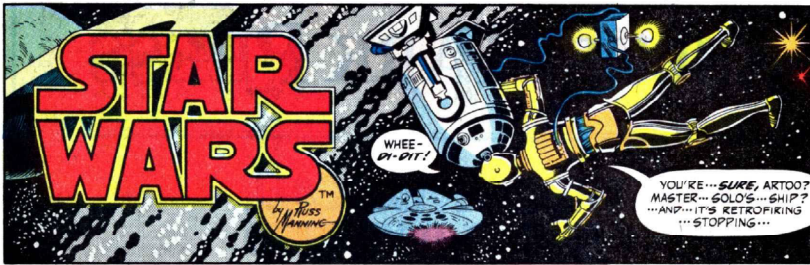
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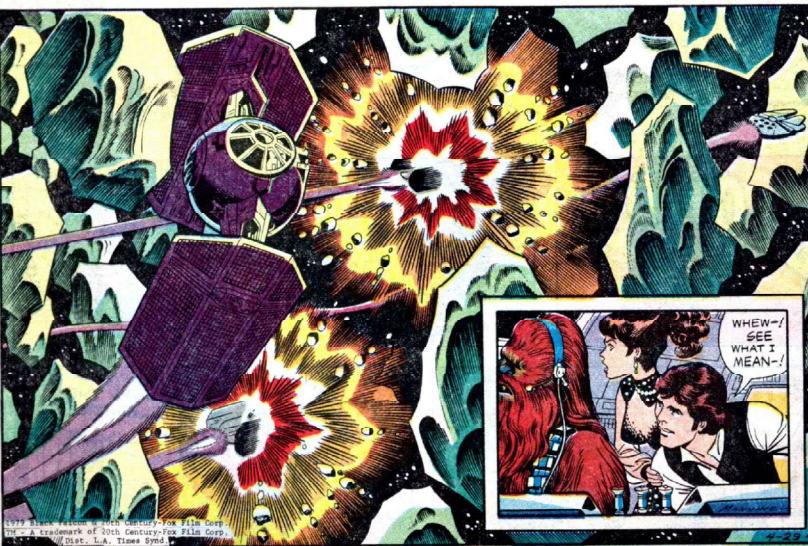
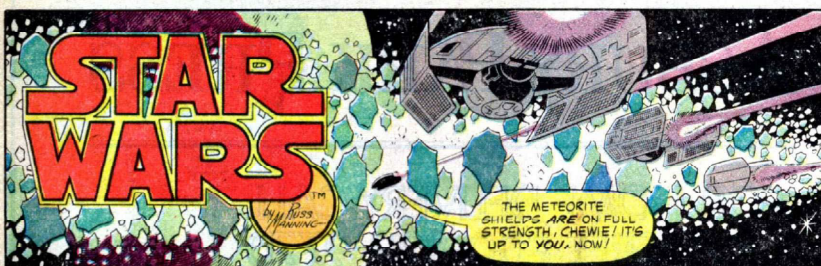
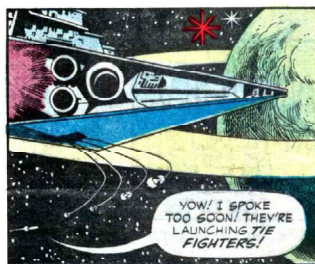
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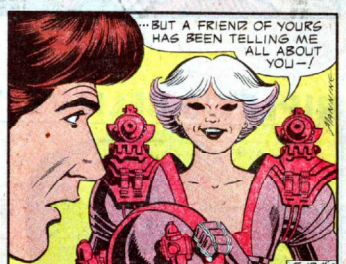
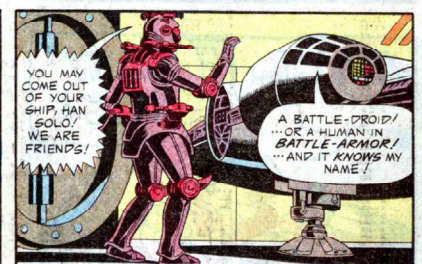
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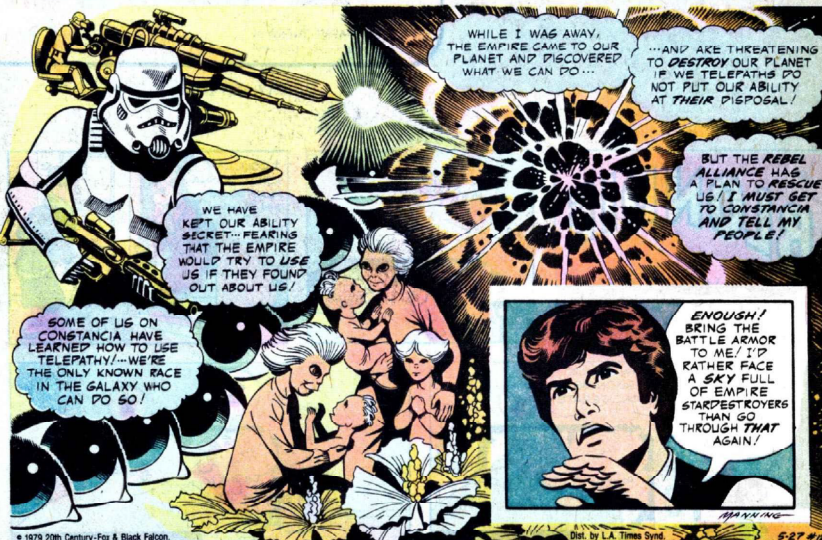
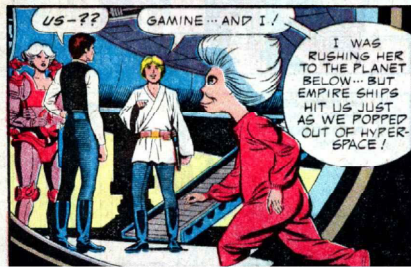
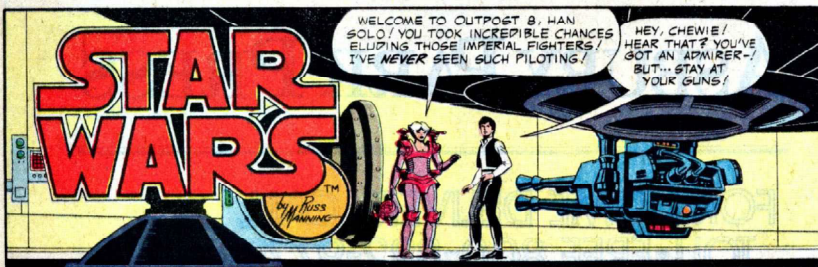














THANK YOU FOR UNDERSTANDING, HAN SOLO! I MUST GET BACK TO MY PEOPLE--!

OKAY...OKAY! I'LL DO WHAT I CAN... BUT FOR MY OWN REASONS!



LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT! I'M LOOKING FOR THE BEST WAY TO GET ME AND MY SHIP OUT OF HERE... PAST THOSE EMPIRE BATTLE CRUISERS! IF THAT ALSO HELPS YOU... I WON'T OBJECT!

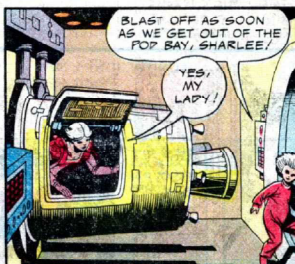


DO ME A FAVOR, LUKE! THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, CALL SOMEONE ELSE!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS, HAN! LET ME USE THE ARMOR!

NO! SOLO GOES WITH SHARLEE!

SHE NEEDS AN EXPERIENCED FIGHTER WITH HER IN THE LIFEPOD!



BLAST OFF AS SOON AS WE GET OUT OF THE POP BAY, SHARLEE!

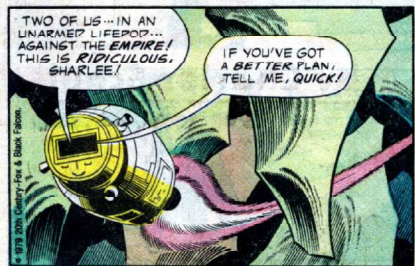
YES, MY LADY!



BE CAREFUL, HAN--!

DON'T WORRY, GIRL--! WEARING BATTLE ARMOR IN A TINY LIFEPOD DOESN'T OFFER MUCH IN ROMANTIC OPPORTUNITIES--!

THAT ISN'T WHAT I MEANT!



TWO OF US...IN AN UNARMED LIFEPOD... AGAINST THE EMPIRE! THIS IS RIDICULOUS, SHARLEE!

IF YOU'VE GOT A BETTER PLAN, TELL ME, QUICK!

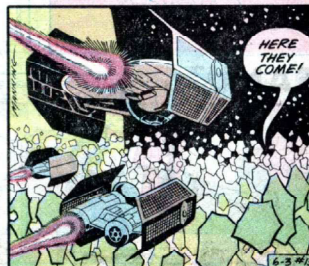


AT LEAST, I SHOULD'VE BROUGHT CHEWIE! I KNOW HOW HE FIGHTS!

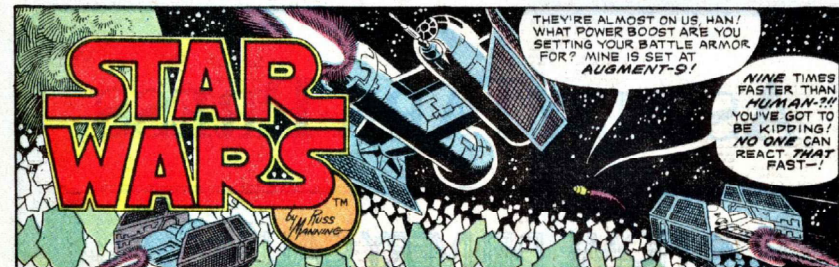
YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH LITTLE OL' ME, HAN! GET READY--!



WE'RE NEAR THE OUTER EDGE OF THE ICE KING-- THE EMPIRE SHIP! SPOT US ANY MOMENT--



HERE THEY COME!



THEY'RE ALMOST ON US, HAN! WHAT POWER BOOST ARE YOU SETTING YOUR BATTLE ARMOR FOR? MINE IS SET AT AUGMENT-9!

NINE TIMES FASTER THAN HUMAN--!! YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING! NO ONE CAN REACT THAT FAST--!



MY ANCESTORS HAVE BEEN WARRIORS FOR THIRTY GENERATIONS! WE HAVE A SAYING... 'BORN AND BURIED IN BATTLE ARMOR'!



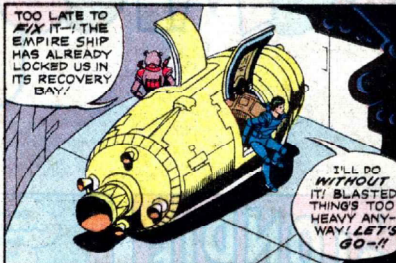
IS THE PECOY S.O.S. MESSAGE TRANSMITTING, SHARLEE?

YES, HAN! THE EMPIRE SHIPS THINK THIS LIFEPOD IS CARRYING GAMINE AND LUKE, BADLY INJURED! ARE YOU READY--?



NO! SOMETHING'S...HEY! THIS HELMET ISN'T WORKING! THE ROTATION SERVO JUST QUIT!

OH, NO--!!



TOO LATE TO FIX IT--THE EMPIRE SHIP HAS ALREADY LOCKED US IN ITS RECOVERY BAY!

I'LL DO WITHOUT IT! BLASTED THINGS TOO HEAVY ANYWAY! LET'S GO--!!

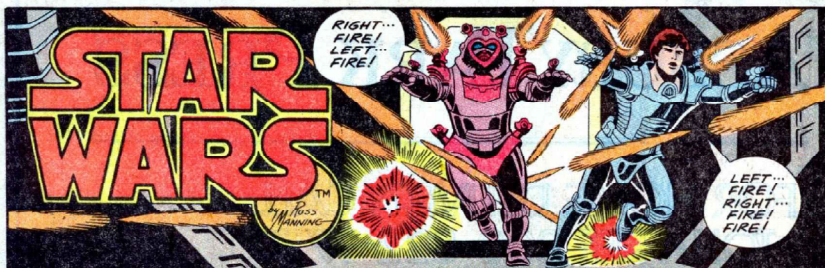


ONE DOWN!...BUT THAT WARMS THE WHOLE SHIP!

HIT 'EM QUICK AND HARD!



WITH EVERY MOTION ELECTRONICALLY AUGMENTED BY THEIR BATTLE ARMOR, HAN AND SHARLEE EXPLODE INTO THE MAIN CABIN OF THE EMPIRE SHIP!



RIGHT...
FIRE!
LEFT...
FIRE!

LEFT...
FIRE!
RIGHT...
FIRE!
FIRE!



WE'VE GOT THEM
OFF BALANCE! THEY'RE
PANICKING--!!

KEEP HITTING THEM!
LEFT...FIRE!

THEIR SPEED AND STRENGTH MAGNIFIED BY
BATTLE ARMOR, THEIR WEAPONS AIMED BY
WRIST-MOUNTED SENSING UNITS AND FIRED BY
VOICE COMMAND, HAN AND CHWEE BLAZE
THEIR WAY THROUGH THE IMPERIAL SPACESHIP!



LEFT...
FIRE!
RIGHT...
FIRE!

RIGHT
FIRE!



THAT LOOKS LIKE IT,
HAN! THEY'VE ALL EITHER
SURRENDERED...OR
HIT THE FLOOR!

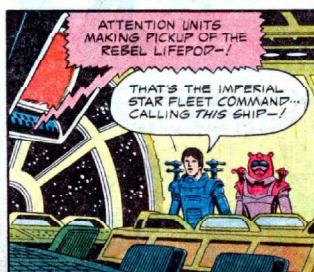
WHOOEE! YOU'RE SOME
KIND OF FIGHTING
MACHINE, LADY--!



WISH CHWEE COULD HAVE
SEEN YOU! HE'D HAVE
ADMIRERD THE WAY YOU
MOVE THAT ARMOR!

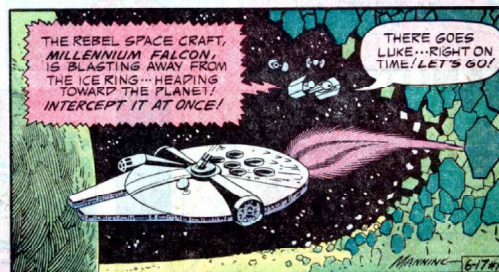
ATTENTION!
ATTENTION!
BATTLE
PRIORITY!

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ATTENTION UNITS
MAKING PICKUP OF THE
REBEL LIFEPOD--!

THAT'S THE IMPERIAL
STAR FLEET COMMAND...
CALLING THIS SHIP--!



THE REBEL SPACE CRAFT,
MILLENNIUM FALCON,
IS BLASTING AWAY FROM
THE ICE RING...HEADING
TOWARD THE PLANET!
INTERCEPT IT AT ONCE!

THERE GOES
LUKE...RIGHT ON
TIME! LET'S GO!

©1979 20th Century-Fox & Black Falcon



INTERCEPT AND
DESTROY THE REBEL
CRAFT! IT MUST NOT
REACH THE PLANET!

THAT'S
IMPERIAL
COMMAND...
ORDERING
THESE SHIPS
TO DESTROY
MY MILLENNIUM
FALCON!



DON'T TURN ON ANY
VISUAL SCANNERS,
SHARLEE! IF THEY
DISCOVER WE'VE
TAKEN OVER THIS
SHIP, WE'VE HAD
IT--!



READY WITH THAT
TAIL GUN, SHARLEE?
IT'S TIME TO PULL
OUR BLUFF ON
THE IMPERIAL
FIGHTERS!

READY,
HAN!



THIS IS BOARDING
CRAFT 356! WE'RE
CLOSEST TO THE
REBEL SHIP...
WE'LL INTERCEPT
AND DESTROY IT!
ALL OTHER CRAFT,
STAY CLEAR!

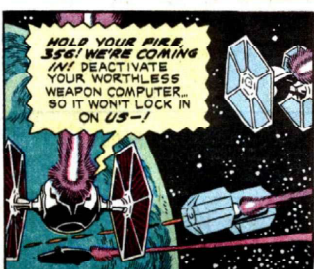


THE EMPIRE SHIPS ARE
FALLING FOR HAN'S LINE!
THEY'RE LETTING HIM HAVE
THE HONOR OF BLASTING US!

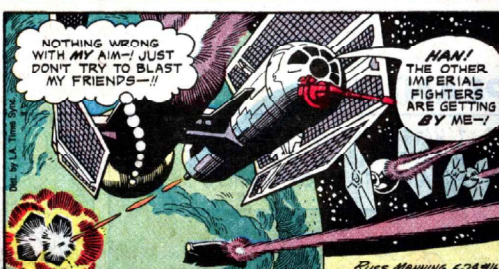
GOOD! STAY IN FRONT
OF HAN'S SHIP, AND
WE'LL ALL MAKE IT
TO CONSTANCIA!



WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOUR AIM, 356?
THE REBEL CRAFT
IS ESCAPING
FROM YOU--!!



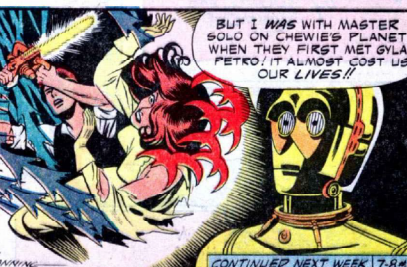
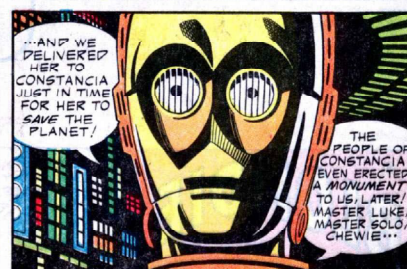
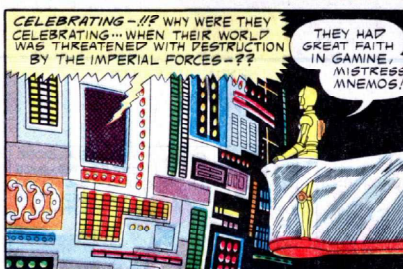
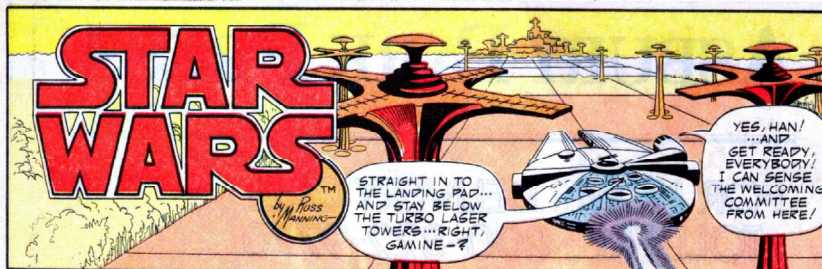
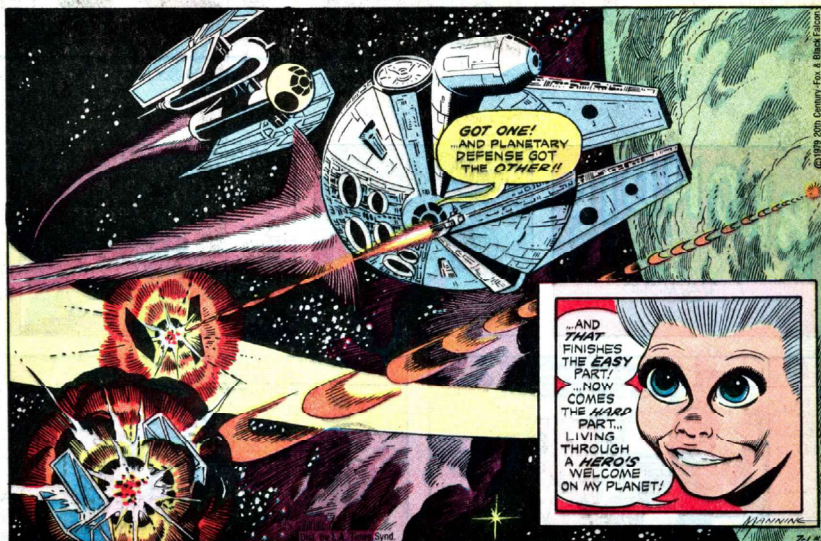
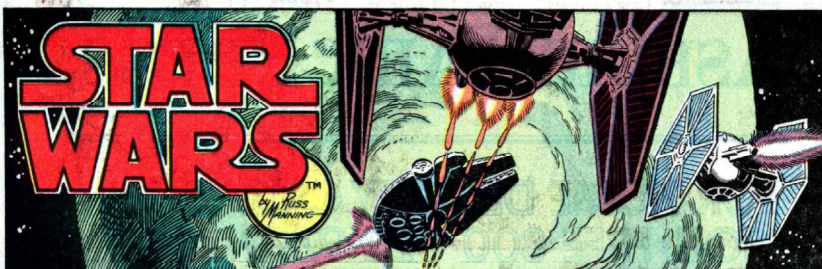
HOLD YOUR FIRE,
356! WE'RE COMING
IN! DEACTIVATE
YOUR WORTHLESS
WEAPON COMPUTER...
SO IT WON'T LOCK IN
ON US--!

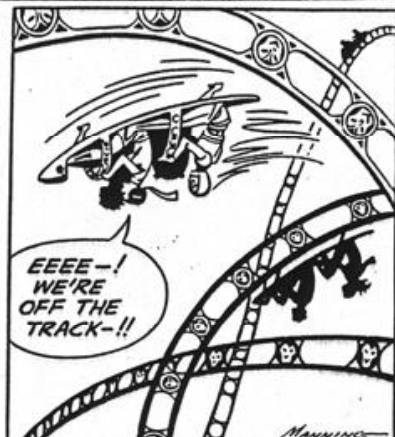
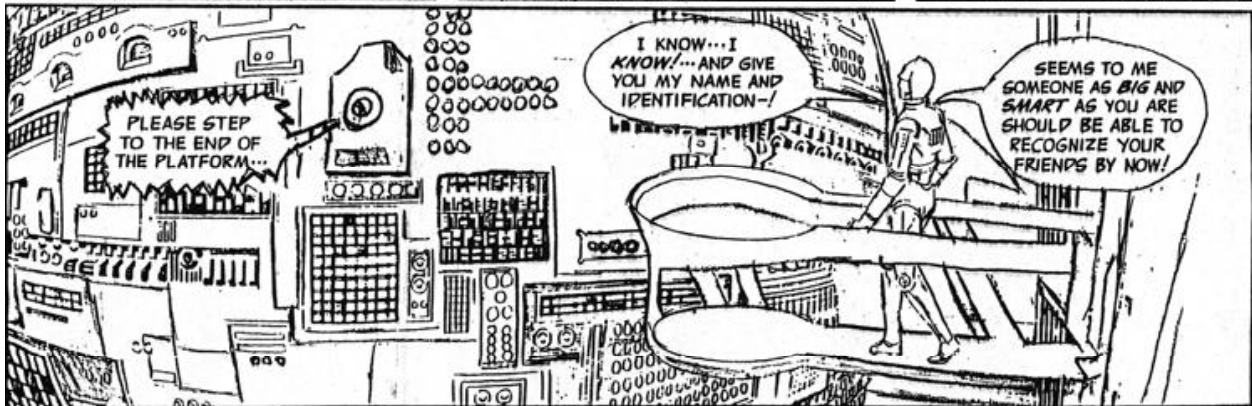
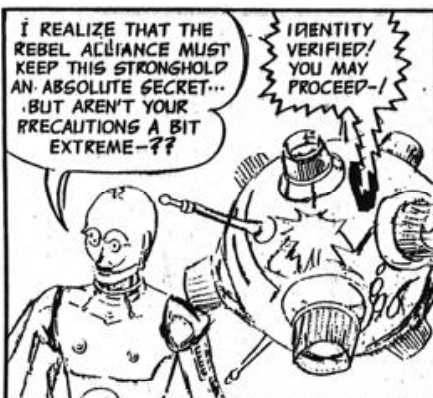
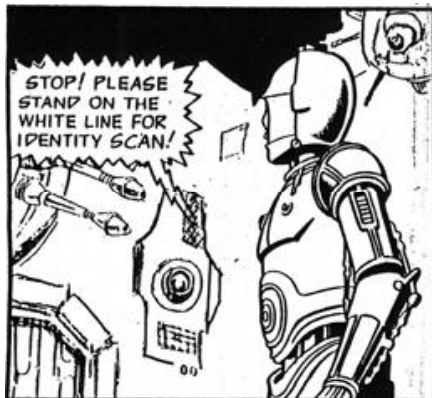


NOTHING WRONG
WITH MY AIM--! JUST
DON'T TRY TO BLAST
MY FRIENDS--!

HAN!
THE OTHER
IMPERIAL
FIGHTERS
ARE GETTING
BY ME--!

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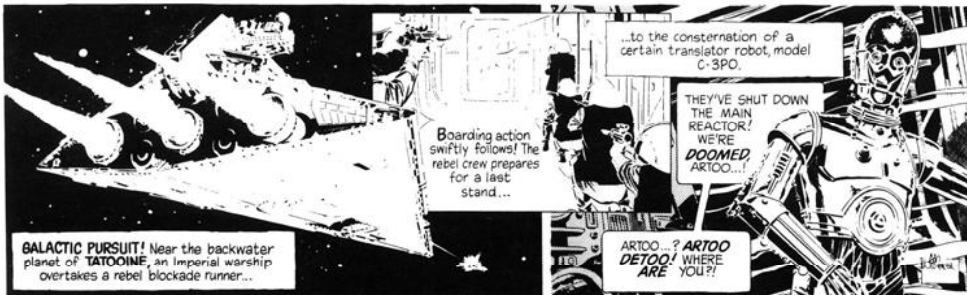






A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away...

IT IS A PERIOD OF CIVIL WAR. THE REBEL ALLIANCE HAS WON ITS FIRST VICTORY AGAINST THE EVIL GALACTIC EMPIRE. DURING THE BATTLE REBEL SPIES ESCAPE WITH PLANS FOR THE EMPIRE'S ULTIMATE WEAPON, THE DEATH STAR. AND AS IMPERIAL AGENTS GIVE PURSUIT, A GREAT ADVENTURE BEGINS...



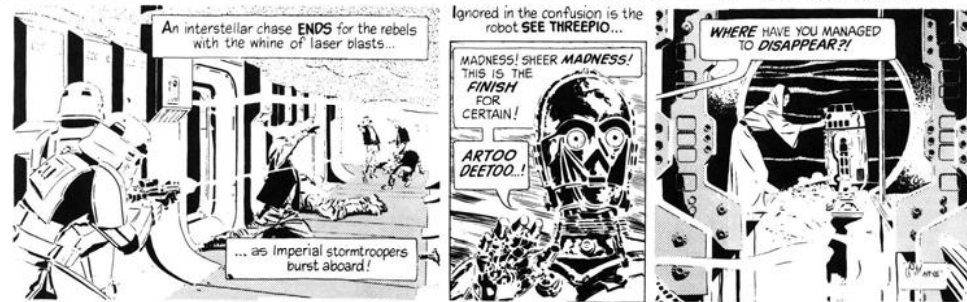
GALACTIC PURSUIT! Near the backwater planet of **TATOOINE**, an Imperial warship overtakes a rebel blockade runner...

Boarding action swiftly follows! The rebel crew prepares for a last stand...

...to the consternation of a certain translator robot, model C-3PO.

THEY'VE SHUT DOWN THE MAIN REACTOR! WE'RE **DOOMED** ARTOO...

ARTOO...? ARTOO DEETOO! WHERE ARE YOU?!



An interstellar chase **ENDS** for the rebels with the whine of laser blasts...

Ignored in the confusion is the robot **SEE THREEPIO**...

MADNESS! SHEER MADNESS! THIS IS THE **FINISH** FOR CERTAIN!

ARTOO DEETOO...

WHERE HAVE YOU MANAGED TO **DISAPPEAR**?!

... as Imperial stormtroopers burst aboard!



SO **THERE** YOU ARE, ARTOO DEETOO! TYPICAL! THE SHIP'S SWARMING WITH IMPERIAL STORMTROOPERS AND YOU JUST **WANDER OFF**!

YA-BREET

MISSION...? **WHAT** MISSION?! WE'LL PROBABLY BE SENT TO THE **SPICES MINES** OF **KESSELL** OR...

ARTOO! YOU CAN'T GO IN **THERE**! IT'S RESTRICTED TO HUMANS ONLY!

ZADOOP!

DON'T CALL ME A MINDLESS PHILOSOPHER, YOU LITTLE GLOB OF GREASE! THIS **ESCAPE POD** IS OFF LIMITS!

I KNOW I'M GOING TO **REGRET** THIS!



With explosive thunder, the escape pod blasts free of the crippled rebel ship...

While on the vessel they've abandoned, a new and chilling figure sweeps aboard...

... **DARTH VADER**, Lord of the Sith!

... carrying Artoo Deetoo and See Threepio toward the obscure planet called **TATOOINE**!



Like a dark ghost, the Sith Lord **DARTH VADER** sweeps through the dying spacecraft...

THE SHIP'S PRACTICALLY **SECURED**, SIR...

...BUT THE **BATTLE STATION** PLANS ARE NOT IN THE SAME COMPUTER!

THOSE TAPES MUST BE **SOMEWHERE** ON BOARD!



DARTH VADER sweeps through the disabled Rebel ship... to confront its CAPTAIN!

W-WERE ON... A **DIPLOMATIC MISSION!**

LIAR! WHERE ARE THE INFORMATION TAPES WE SEEK?



THIS VESSEL BEARS THE **CREST OF ALDERAAN**... IS ANY OF THE **ROYAL FAMILY** ABOARD?

SPEAK, BLAST YOU!



The officer **REFUSES**... at the price of his **LIFE!**

TEAR THIS SHIP APART UNTIL YOU HAVE THOSE **PLANS!** TAKE ANY **PASSENGERS ALIVE**... FOR **ME** TO DEAL WITH!



Inch by inch, the Imperial stormtroopers search the rebel starship, until...

THERE! SHOOT TO STUN!

The lop-sided battle is fierce but brief.



SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.

IT'S THE SENATOR FROM ALDERAAN... **PRINCESS LEIA ORGANA!**



Soon...

DARTH VADER! ONLY YOU COULD BE SO **BOLD!** WE'RE ON A **MERCY MISSION**...

DELIVERING **STOLEN PLANS** TO THE **REBEL ALLIANCE**? I WANT THEM... **NOW!**



Darth Vader's threats bring only resolute **DEFIANCE** from Princess **Leia**.

TAKE HER AWAY!

SIR, DURING THE FIGHTING...



...AN **ESCAPE POD** WAS JETTISONED. NO **LIFE FORMS** WERE ABOARD, BUT--

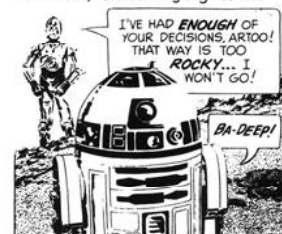
THE **DEATH STAR PLANS** COULD BE **CONCEALED** THERE! SEND A DETACHMENT TO INVESTIGATE!

And, below, on the planet **TATOOINE**...

WHAT A **FORSAKEN PLACE!** WE SEEM TO BE **MADE** TO **SUFFER!**

ZIRRP!

TATOOINE! A desert world, hostile... Particularly for two arguing robots!



I'VE HAD **ENOUGH** OF YOUR DECISIONS, **ARTOO!** THAT WAY IS TOO **ROCKY**... I **WON'T GO!**

BA-DEEP!

His electronic chirping fails to **SWAY** See Threepio and the determined **R2-D2** unit proceeds **ALONE**...



...until darkness brings **NEW** companions!



When his paralyzed circuitry again hums to **LIFE**...



ARTOO! WHATEVER THESE CREATURES ARE... THEY CAPTURED **YOU** ALSO? WILL THIS NIGHTMARE **NEVER** END?



MORNING! A massive sandcrawler grinds to a halt... and two captive robots get an inkling of their fate!



WE'RE BEING DISPLAYED FOR **SALE**, **ARTOO**...!



BUT WHAT KIND OF **MASTERS** CAN ONE EXPECT ON A **WRETCHED** WORLD LIKE **THIS**?



JAWAS, UNCLE OWEN...!

AND NO DOUBT **PEDDLING JUNK** AS USUAL, **LUKE!**



WON'T HURT TO LOOK AT WHAT THE **JAWAS** HAVE, **UNCLE OWEN**...

NO, BUT A **MOISTURE FARM** NEEDS **WORKING DROIDS**, **LUKE**... NOT **SAND-WASTED WRECKS**.

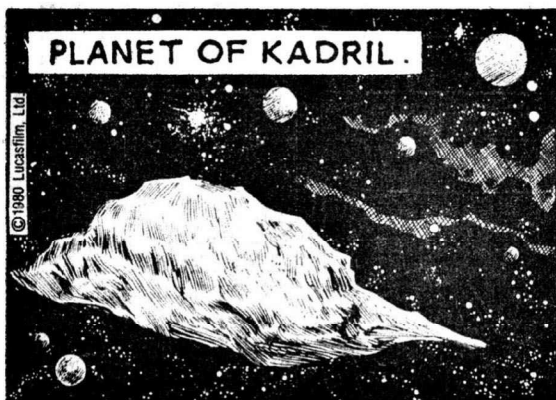


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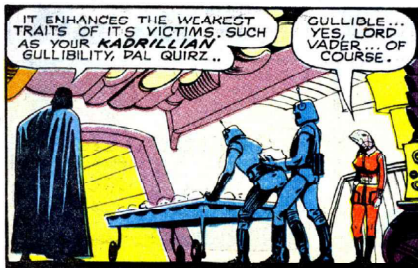
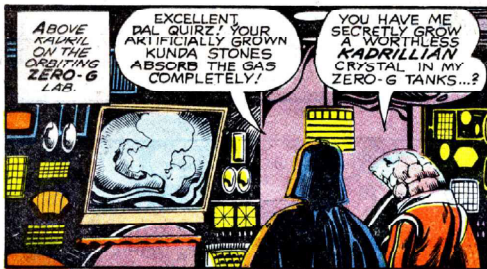
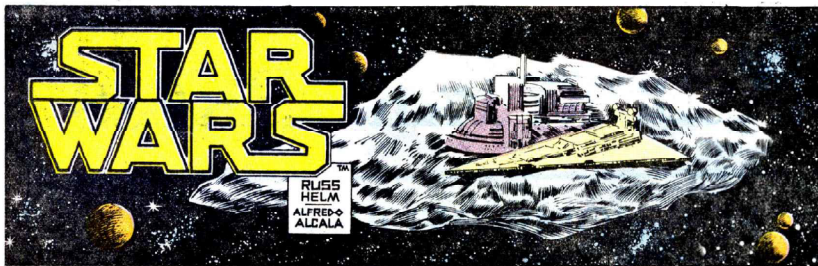
WE'VE FOUND THE **REBEL SHIP'S ESCAPE POD**... **EMPTY!**

BUT **SOMEONE** WAS IN IT... FROM THE **TRACKS**, IT APPEARS TO BE **DROIDS!**













The Star Wars logo, featuring the words "STAR WARS" in a bold, yellow, blocky font with a black outline, set against a background of a starry space scene.

**RUSS
HELM
ALFREDO
ALCALA**

A NEW AGE OF
COMLINK SCIENCE
IS ABOUT TO BEGIN.

I GET THE FEELING
THIS EXPERIMENT HAS
NEVER WORKED
BEFORE.

NOT SO MUCH AMPLITUDE
THIS TIME, RODNO... YOU
ALMOST SHATTERED ALL
THE **KUNDA** STONES
BEFORE.

THIS TIME MY **VIBRO-CRYSTAL** WILL WORK.

ON THE ORBITING ZERO-G LAB. THE ALLIANCE GETS A SCIENCE DEMONSTRATION BY ROPNO.

THE **MEDI**-CRYSTALS
ARE SHATTERING...
TURN IT OFF!

BLANG! BLOW! FWANG!

... MAYBE THE ESPILATOR
SHOULD CONNECT TO THE
POLARIZED VIBRO FACET...

THE VISILINK SCREEN
STILL WORKS... BUT
WHAT'S THE IMAGE???

STORMTROOPER
INVADING **KADR**
BUT WHY ???

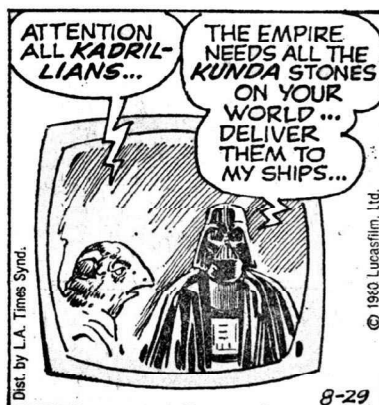
THEY'RE USING GAS...
THAT'S A NEW ONE
ON ME...

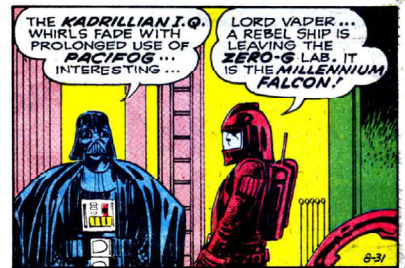
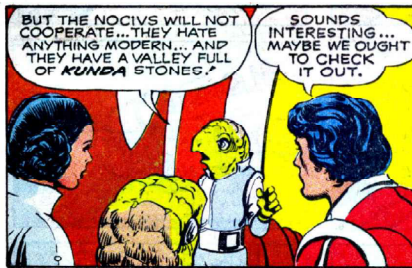
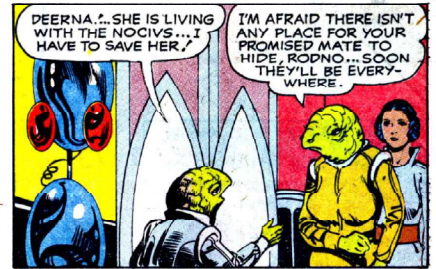
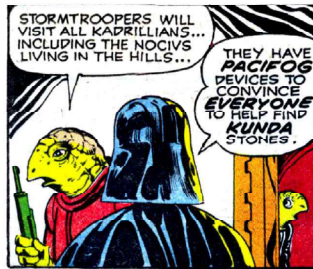
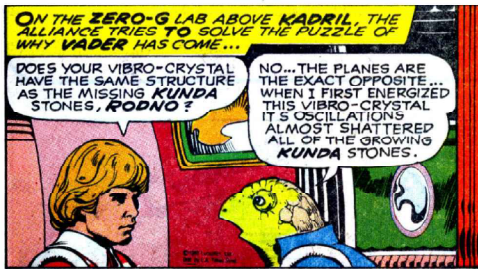
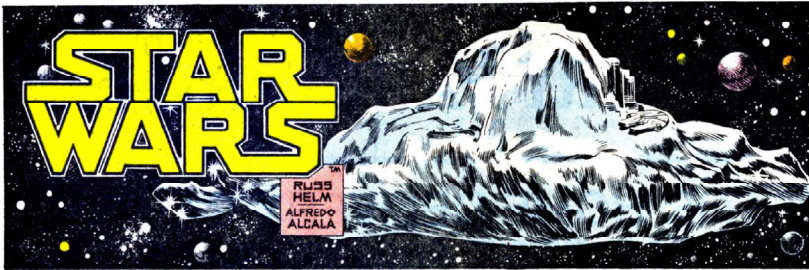
DO NOT BE ALARMED.
THE PACIFOG DOES NO
KILL... IT ONLY BRINGS
OUT... CERTAIN
PERSONALITY
TRAITS...

THE DARK LORD
SPEAKS THE TRUTH,
MY PEOPLE...

LOOKS LIKE PACIFOG
BRINGS OUT THE WORST
TRAITS...

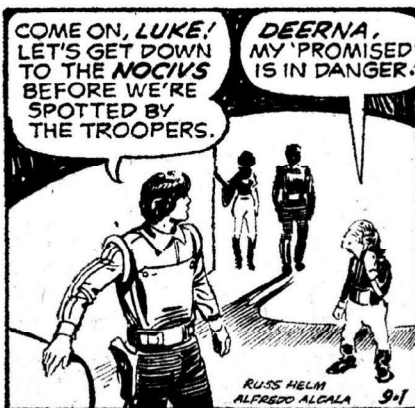








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RUSS HELM
ALFREDO ALCALA

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FIND OUT WHERE THEY LAND...



9-2

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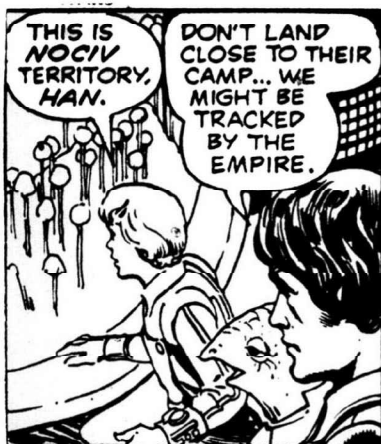


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ALFREDO P. ALCALA

SSSSHHHWOOSH!



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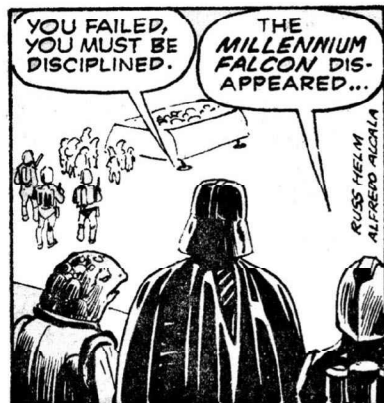


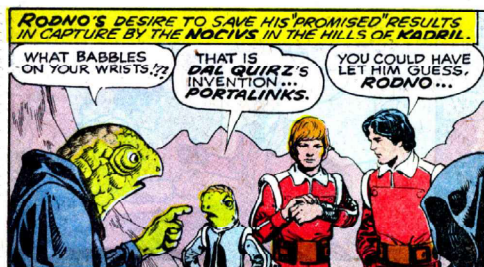
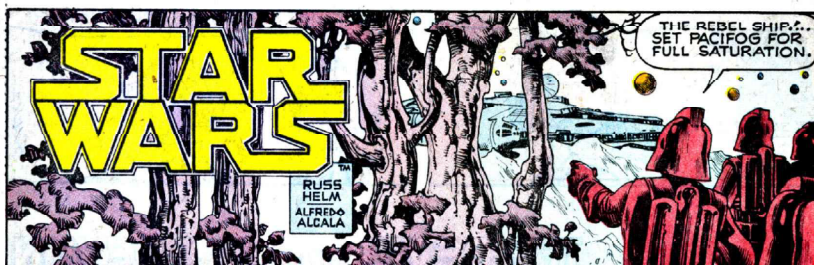
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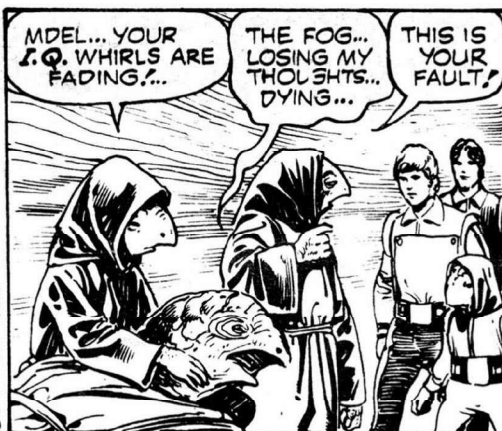
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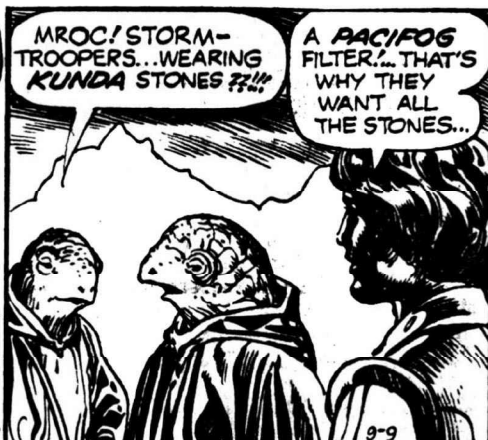


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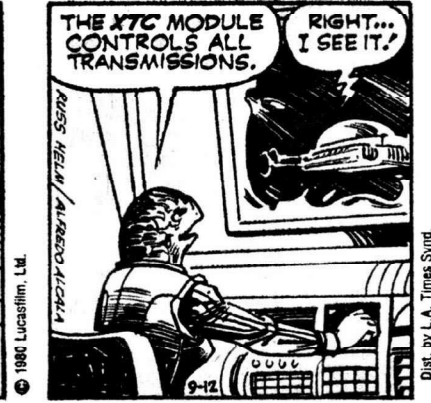


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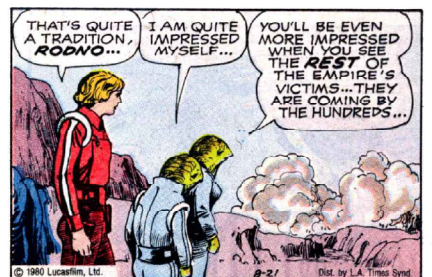
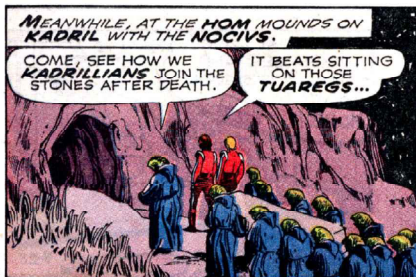
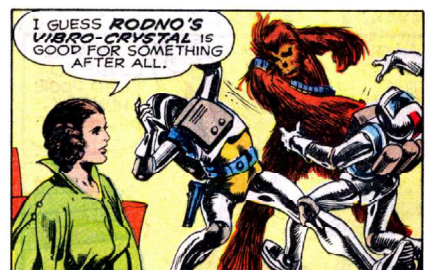
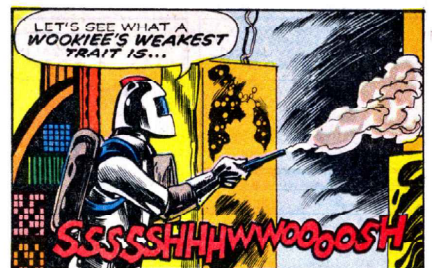
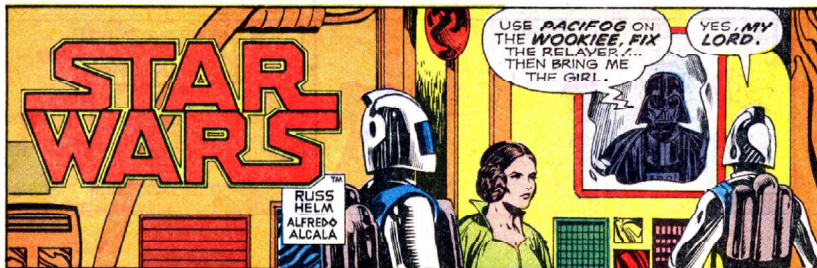


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ALFREDO F. ALCALA





SECOND WAVE OF TROOPERS--ADVANCE. DO NOT ACTIVATE PACIFOG UNTIL I ORDER IT.

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THANKS FOR REMEMBERING THE CAMOCOWLS, RODNO.

I DON'T WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT PACIFOG DOES TO MY HUMAN FRIENDS, LUKE...

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QUIET, OR THIS WON'T BE A SURPRISE.

RUSS HELM
ALFREDO P. ALCALA

9-29



SO MUCH FOR VADER'S "PEACEFUL" TAKEOVER OF KADRIL... HUNDREDS OF CASUALTIES...

9-30

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PREPARE THE PACIFOG!

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LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME, CHEWIE...CAN YOU ACTIVATE THAT VIBRO-CRYSTAL OFF OF THIS SHUTTLE'S POWER?

RUSS HELM
ALFREDO P. ALCALA



THAT SHUTTLE IS SUPPOSED TO BE AT THE ZERO-G LAB!

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HURRY UP, CHEWIE. WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED. THE VIBRO-CRYSTAL IS OUR ONLY HOPE.

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ACTIVATE PACIFOG AND ENTER THE TOMBS. TAKE NO PRISONERS.

LORD VADER... I AM RECEIVING A STRONG TRANSMISSION FROM THE SHUTTLE!

RUSS HELM
ALFREDO P. ALCALA

10-1





STAR WARS

by BOSS MANNING

GYLA PETRO... FILE: HUMAN TO 10TH DEGREE BORN: SIDEREAL ERA AS-5667 ON KALGO THIRTEEN

MY FILES INDICATE THAT GYLA PETRO WAS SUSPECTED OF BEING A SPY FOR THE IMPERIAL FORCES!

WELL... SHE CERTAINLY GAVE HAN SOLO REASON TO THINK SO!

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT IT...AND YOU MAY JUDGE FOR YOURSELF!

THE ABILITY TO JUDGE WAS NOT GIVEN ME, PEAR CHILD! MY SOLE FUNCTION IS TO RECORD! TELL ME THE STORY...AND PLEASE JUST THE FACTS! STAY AWAY FROM THE TRIVIA!

HAN SOLO, ARTOO PETOO, AND I WENT WITH CHEWIE TO THE WOOKIEE HOME PLANET TO HELP HIM CELEBRATE WOOKIEE LIFE DAY!

INSTEAD... WE FOUND TROUBLE!

MMRAOOKGH!!

RELAX, CHIEF! IT MAY NOT BE AS BAD AS IT SOUNDS!

THEY'RE CANCELING LIFE DAY, MASTER HAN?

YOU HEARD THEIR ELDER, THREEPIO—!

HE'S FORBIDDING THE WOOKIEES TO GO INTO THE LOWER LEVELS OF THE FOREST TO LOOK FOR THE ORGA ROOTS THEY NEED FOR THEIR CEREMONIES!

...AND THE CROWD DOESN'T WANT IT—CHEWIE! NO—!!

AARRGH!

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK 7-15 '92

STAR WARS

by BOSS MANNING

PLUS DIT-DIT? GAHH!

OH...THE WOOKIEES ARE ANGRY, ALL RIGHT, ARTOO— THEIR LIFE DAY CELEBRATION COMES ALONG ONLY ONCE EVERY THREE YEARS...AND IT LOOKS LIKE THIS ONE WILL HAVE TO BE CANCELLED!

BLIT—? VLEEUEU PEEU?

OF COURSE I UNDERSTAND THE WOOKIEE LANGUAGE! PROTOCOL PROIDS ARE LANGUAGE SPECIALISTS! REMEMBER!

BUT...I'M NOT VERY FAMILIAR WITH THEIR CUSTOMS... YET!

CHEWIE—! NO! COME BACK HERE! DON'T ARGUE WITH—

NNRAOO!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MASTER HAN—!

©1979 20th Century-Fox & Black Falcon

WHY CAN'T THE WOOKIEES CELEBRATE LIFE DAY WITHOUT ORGA-ROOT?

IT'S THEIR SPECIAL FOOD, THREEPIO!... BUT THEIR ELDER SAYS IT IS TOO DANGEROUS TO GO INTO THE LOWER LEVELS TO GATHER IT—!

CHEWIE DOESN'T AGREE!

NNRAOO!

AARRGH!!

PRAOHH!!

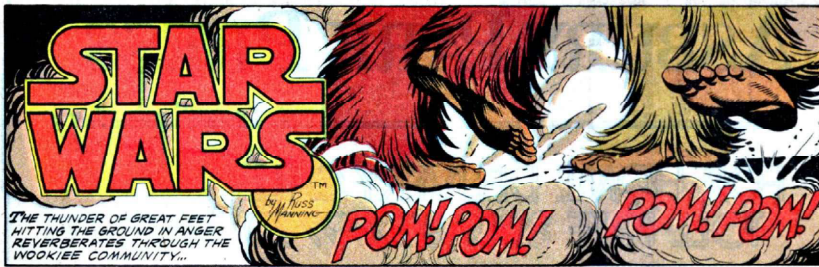
POM! POM! POM!

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AARRGH!!

I WAS AFRAID OF THAT! THE ELDER IS TAKING CHEWIE'S DISAGREEMENT AS A PERSONAL INSULT!

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK 7-22 '92





WHY IS ORGA ROOT SO IMPORTANT TO THE WOOKIEES, MASTER HAN?

A BIG PART OF THEIR LIFE DAY CELEBRATION IS A SPIRITUAL PASSAGE TO THE LIFE TREE, WHERE WOOKIEE CULTURE BEGAN. ORGA ROOT HELPS THEM MAKE THE JOURNEY!



OH, CHEWIE'S HIS USUAL SELF AGAIN. HE'S THANKING MASTER HAN FOR FINDING A WAY FOR HIM TO GO AFTER THE ORGA ROOT!



RELAX, ARTOO. SUREGIES NEVER FALL! THEY'RE THE SAFEST, SUREST WAY TO MOVE BETWEEN LEVELS ON THIS CRAZY PLANET!



GLIDING SINUOUSLY THROUGH THE MILES-THICK VEGETATION FORMING THE SURFACE OF KASHYYK, THE BEAST OF BURDEN PLUNGES DOWNWARD.



HOW FAR DOWN ARE WE GOING, MASTER HAN?

CHEWIE SAYS THE BEST ORGA ROOT IS ON THE EIGHTH LEVEL... WHICH IS AS FAR DOWN AS ANYONE PARES TO GO!



IT GETS HELLISH BELOW THAT... SAVAGE... DEADLY... WITH EVERY ANIMAL... AND PLANT... KILLING JUST FOR A RAY OF SUNSHINE... OR A DROP OF NUT KIENT!!



EXCUSE ME, SIR... BUT DID THAT... PLANT... JUST SQUEE...

WHY NOT, THREEPIO? MANY PLANTS ON KASHYYK ARE SENTIENT. THINKING ORGANISMS... AND WOOKIEES COMMUNICATE WITH THEM!



WHICH MAY... OR MAY NOT... BE A GOOD THING, RIGHT NOW?

THE PLANTS ARE TELLING CHEWIE TO GO HOME... THAT THERE'S TROUBLE AHEAD... BAD TROUBLE!!

RMORR!!

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK



VERY CURIOUS... PLANTS THAT THINK... AND COMMUNICATE! PERHAPS WE COULD STOP... AND LET ME LEARN THEIR...

NOT NOW, THREEPIO! IT WOULDN'T BE SAFE...



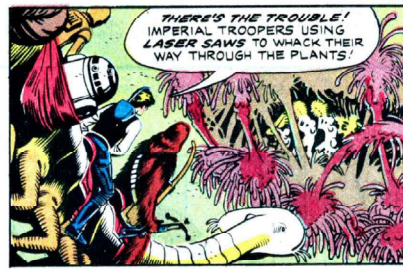
CHEWIE SAYS WE MUST BE EXTREMELY CAREFUL WITH THE PLANTS HERE! SOMETHING IS DISTURBING THEM...

AND THESE BUGS ARE DISTURBING ME... TIME FOR THE BUG REPELLER!



BE VERY CAREFUL, YOU TWO! DON'T CRUSH ANY VEGETATION! THE PLANTS ON THIS LEVEL ARE ANGRY ENOUGH TO EXPLODE!

MASTER HAN! ARTOO SAYS A-AGERS ARE BEING USED. JUST AHEAD!



THERE'S THE TROUBLE! IMPERIAL PROBERS USING LASER SAWS TO WHACK THEIR WAY THROUGH THE PLANTS!



MOVE IF YOU KIFFS! GET THAT TRAIL CUT!!

SQUEEE!!



LISTEN TO THOSE PLANTS, CAPTAIN! YOU MUST BE HURTING THEM! CAN'T YOU FIND SOME OTHER WAY TO—

GET BACK WITH THE REST OF YOUR POSY-PICKING SCIENTISTS, PETRO—!

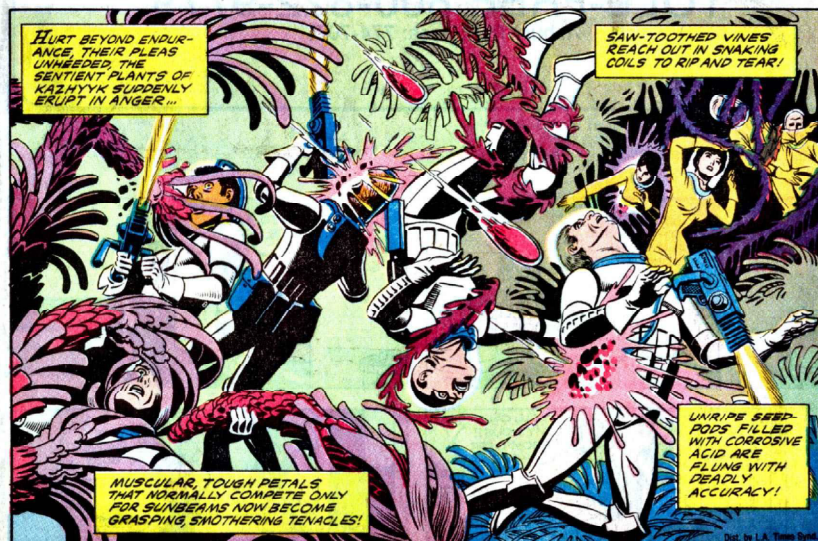


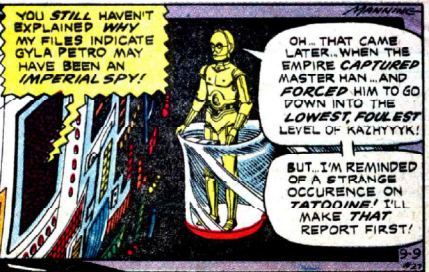
MY ORDERS ARE TO SEE THAT YOU PEOPLE FIND THAT BLASTED WOOKIEE ROOT AND NO CRYING VINE OR WEED IS GOING TO STOP US!



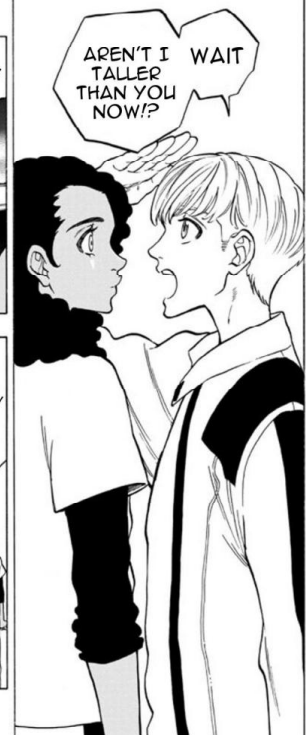
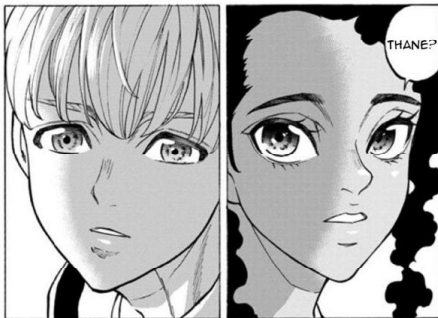
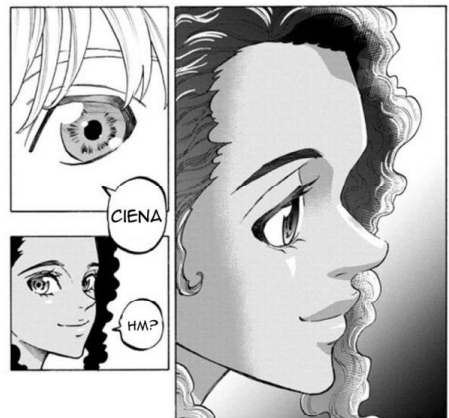
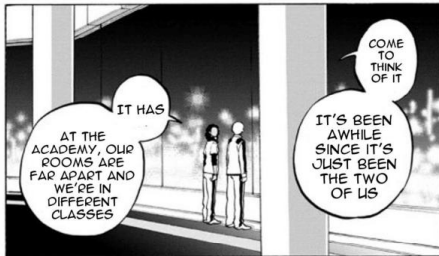
THE PLANTS ARE ABOUT TO STRIKE BACK!! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM, CHEWIE... OR THERE'LL BE A MASSACRE... OF THE HUMANS!!

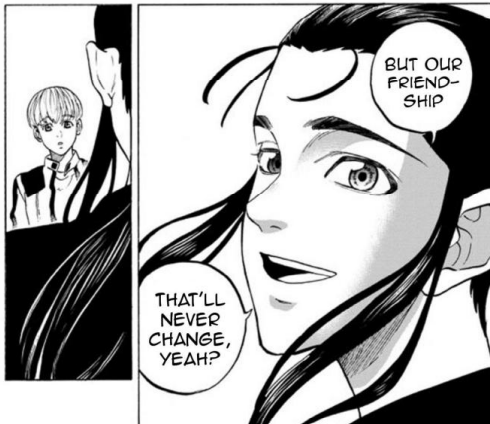
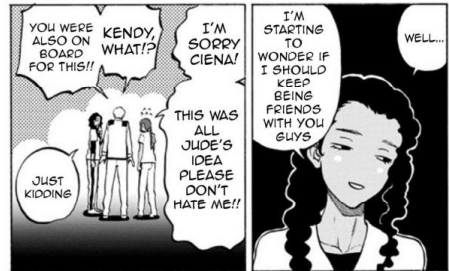
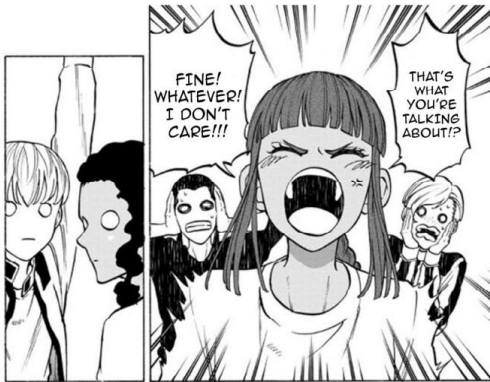
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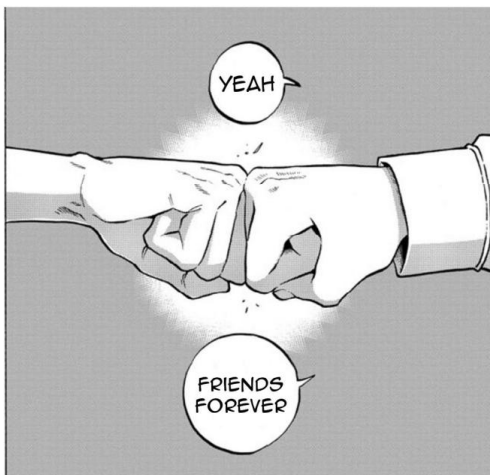












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GOODBYE FOR REAL THIS TIME

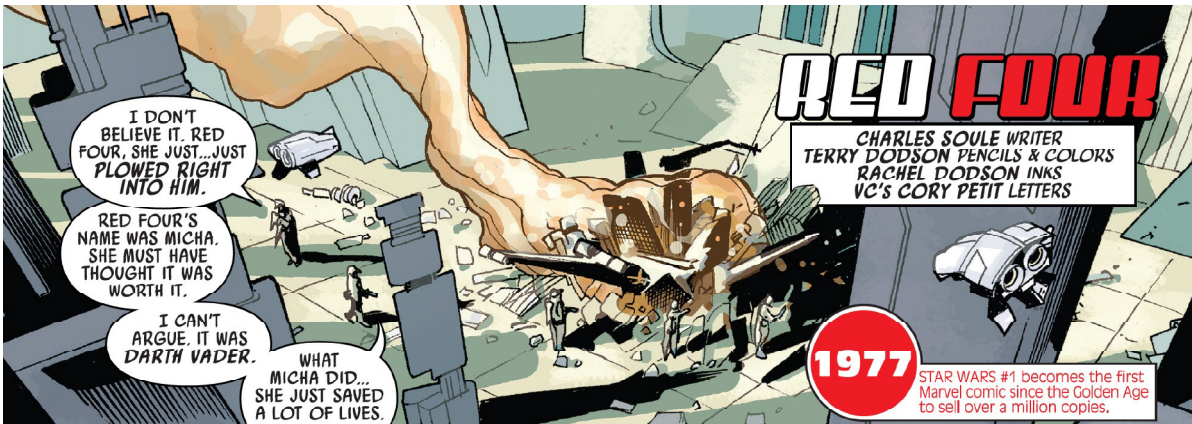
WHAT A GREAT BUT PUNCH DISGUISED AS A CUTE STORY. GOOD ONE, KOMIYAMI. AT ANYRATE, THIS IS IT, FOR REAL.

MAYBE SEE Y'ALL WHEN THOSE OTHER MANGA START COMING OUT. 'TIL THEN, THANKS FOR READING.

I ALREADY MADE THE STAR TREK JOKE LAST TIME SO I HAVE TO COME UP WITH SOMETHING ELSE.

THANKS FOR READING

74TRANSLATIONS.WORDPRESS.COM
IS WHERE I'M KEEPING ALL THESE. SOMEDAY, I'LL MAKE PDFS AND CDS, BUT FOR NOW, THEY'RE JUST PAPS WITH INDIVIDUAL IMAGES.



RED FOUR

CHARLES SOULE WRITER
TERRY DODSON PENCILS & COLORS
RACHEL DODSON INKS
VC'S CORY PETIT LETTERS

I DON'T BELIEVE IT. RED FOUR, SHE JUST...JUST **PLOWED RIGHT INTO HIM.**

RED FOUR'S NAME WAS MICHA. SHE MUST HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS WORTH IT.

I CAN'T ARGUE. IT WAS **DARTH VADER.**

WHAT MICHA DID... SHE JUST SAVED A LOT OF LIVES.

1977

STAR WARS #1 becomes the first Marvel comic since the Golden Age to sell over a million copies.

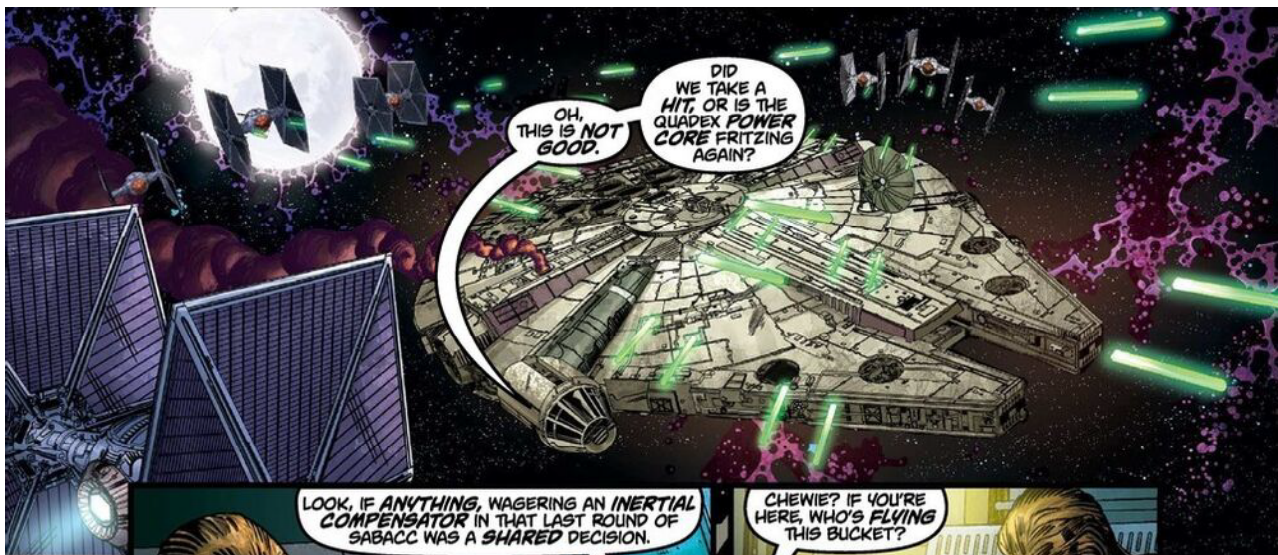
AND WHEN WORD GETS OUT THAT WE KILLED PALPATINE'S CHIEF ENFORCER, IT'LL BE A HELL OF A BLOW TO THE EMPIRE.

WORD WILL GET OUT. NEW SYSTEMS WILL JOIN THE ALLIANCE. SHE MIGHT HAVE JUST WON US THE REBELLION.

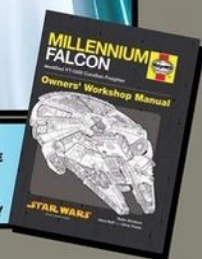
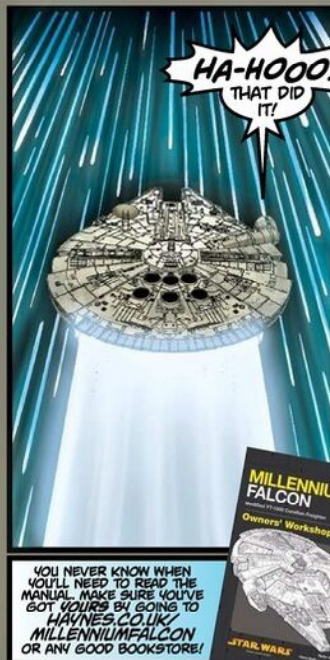
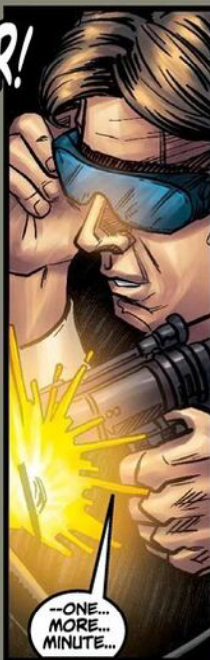
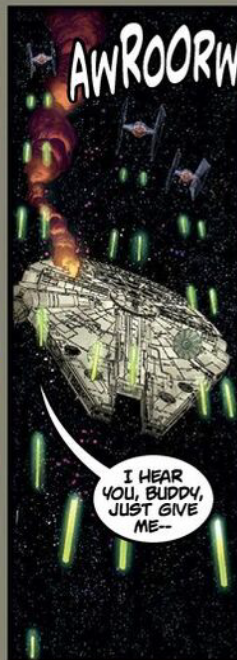
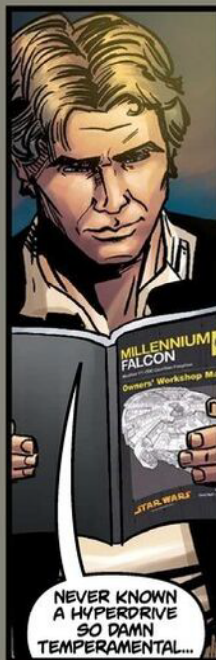
SHE'S A HERO, AND WE SHOULD--

-TRAMBLL





ART: WILL SLINNEY
COLOURS: DISKORE
SCRIPT & LETTERS: ANDREW JAMES



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STAR WARS™

SHADOWS OF THE EMPIRE



SHADOWS OF THE EMPIRE

Ultimate victory lies within the grasp of the dreaded Galactic Emperor Palpatine as the tattered remnants of the Rebel fleet desperately seek sanctuary and time to muster new allies.

A grim Luke Skywalker, reeling from Darth Vader's revelation on the cloud city of Bespin, ponders his own destiny and that of the Rebel Alliance. Meanwhile, the search ensues for Han Solo, captive of the notorious bounty hunter, Boba Fett.

Now Darth Vader must double his efforts to crush the Rebellion, for a new, hidden enemy is rising to power, and the enemy seeks nothing less than Vader's place at the Emperor's side!

JOHN WAGNER *Script*

KILIAN PLUNKETT *Pencils*

P. CRAIG RUSSELL *Inks*

CARY PORTER *Colourist*

HEROIC AGE COLOURS *Colour Separations*

ARBORIS *Lettering*

KEN STEACY *Cover*

PEET JANES *Editor*

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C'MON, ARTOO-!

LUKE!
WHERE ARE YOU
GOING?

I'M
NEEDED,
LEIA!



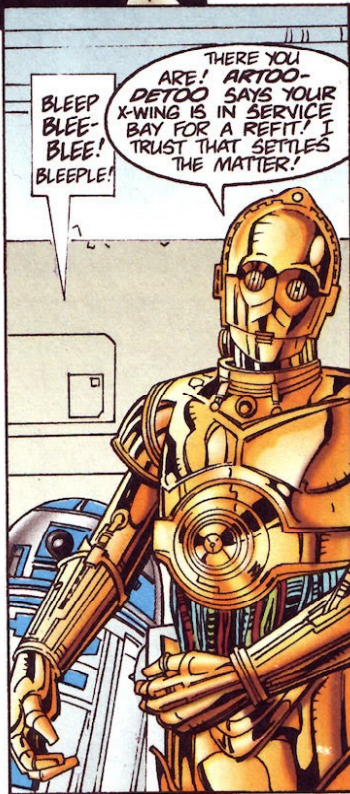
MASTER LUKE, THIS IS
MOST INADVISABLE! YOU'VE
HARDLY RECOVERED FROM
YOUR INJURIES!
AND BESIDES,
IT WILL BE SOME TIME
BEFORE YOU'VE MASTERED
THAT NEW *PROS-*
THESIS...

IF YOU MEAN
MY HAND, IT'S
FINE--



I BEG TO
DIFFER!

SO
I NEED
A LITTLE
MORE
PRACTICE. I
DON'T NEED
BOTH HANDS
TO FLY AN
X-WING
ANYWAY.

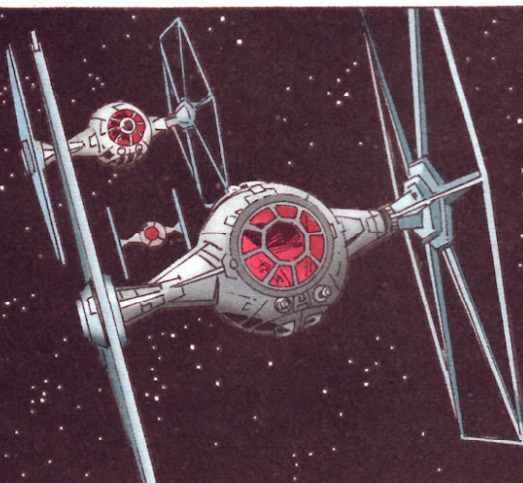
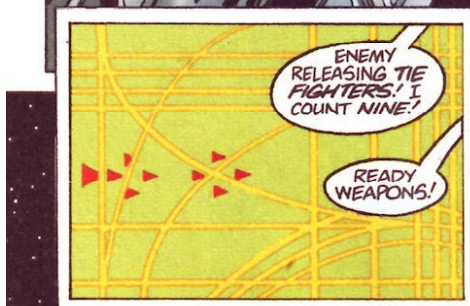
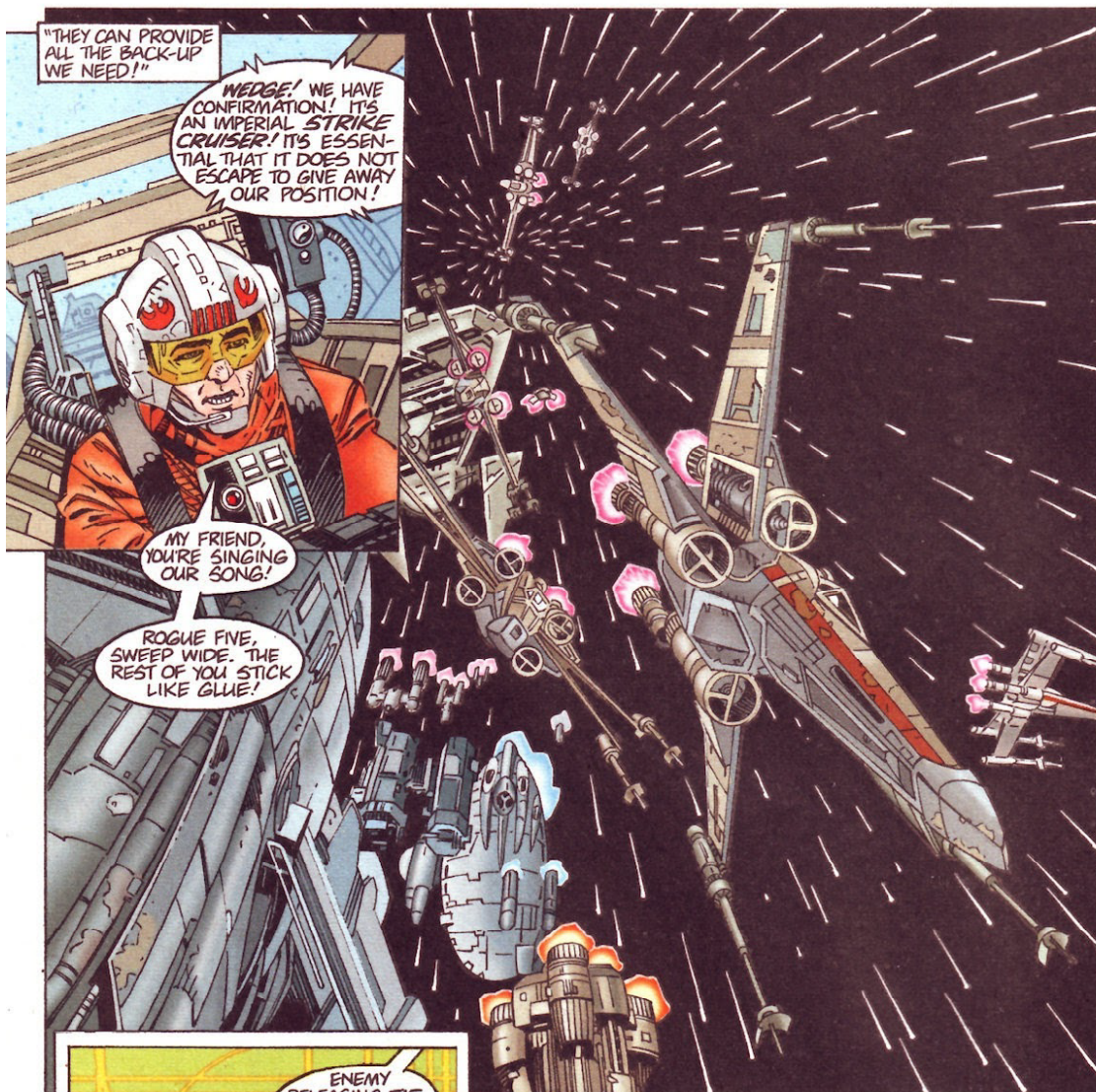


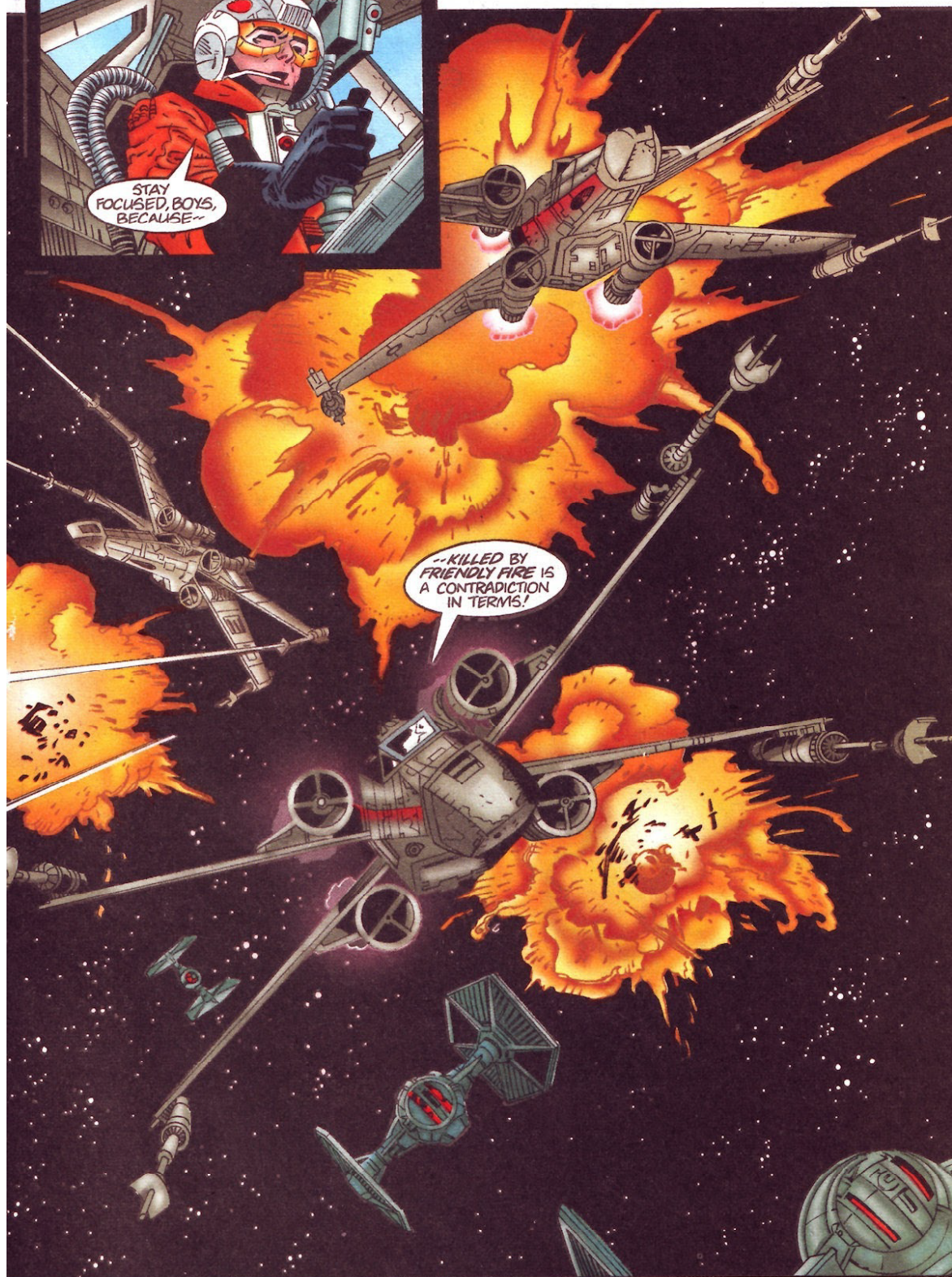
BLEEP
BLEE-
BLEE!
BLEEP!

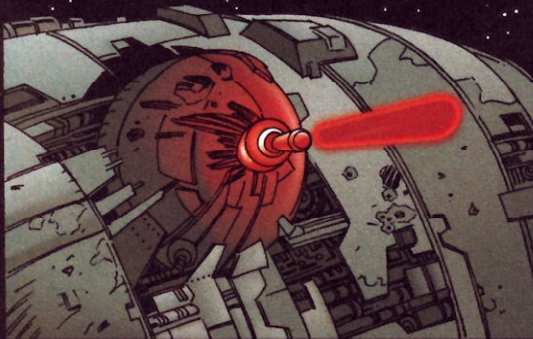
THERE YOU
ARE! ARTOO-
DETOO SAYS YOUR
X-WING IS IN SERVICE
BAY FOR A REFIT! I
TRUST THAT SETTLES
THE MATTER!



THREEPIO'S
RIGHT, LUKE. YOU HAVE
TO REST, REGAIN YOUR
STRENGTH. WEDGE ANTILLES
AND ROGUE SQUADRON
ARE WITH THE FLEET...







SHOT
DEFLECTED!

THEY'RE DIVERTING
POWER TO THEIR REAR
SHIELDS! WE CAN'T
GET THROUGH!

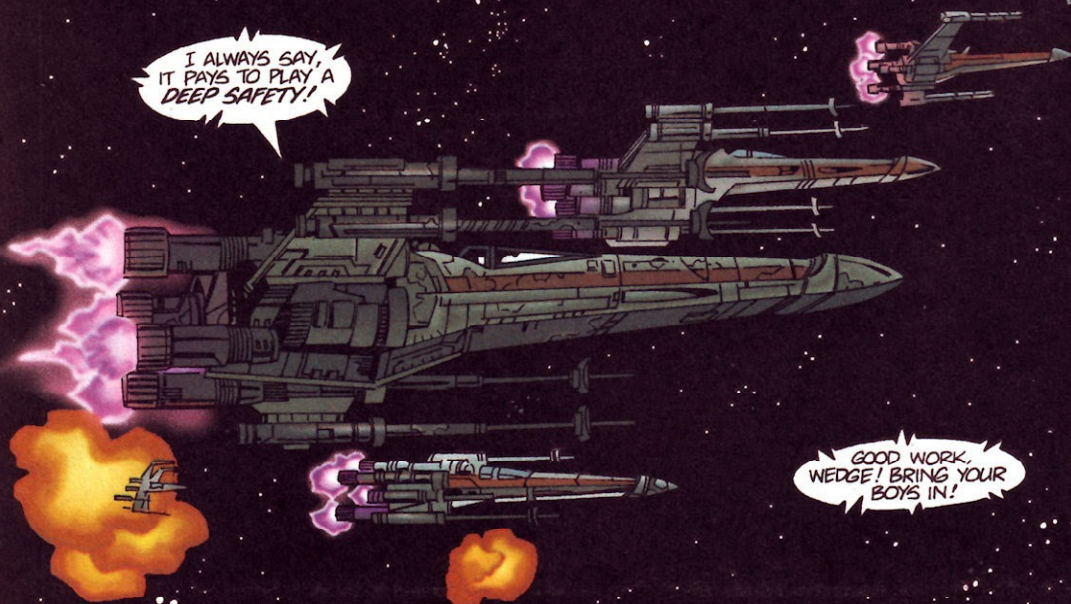


THEN THAT LEAVES
HIM WIDE OPEN FRONT-
SIDE! ROGUE FIVE
GOT YOUR RUNAWAY IN
HIS SIGHTS!

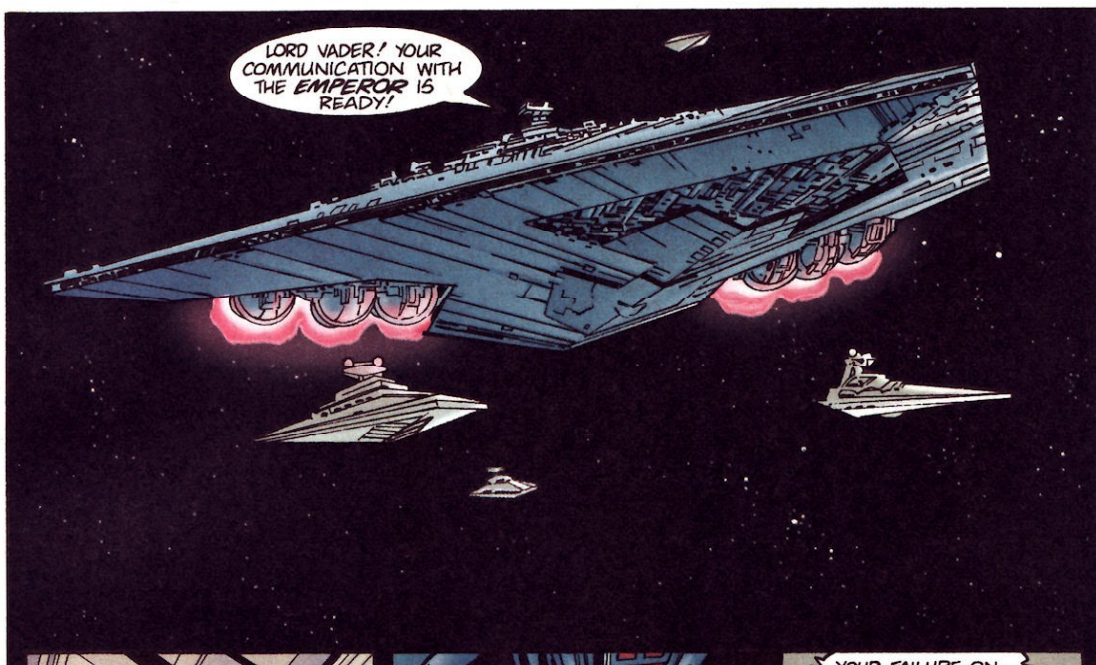


VADOOOOM

I ALWAYS SAY,
IT PAYS TO PLAY A
DEEP SAFETY!



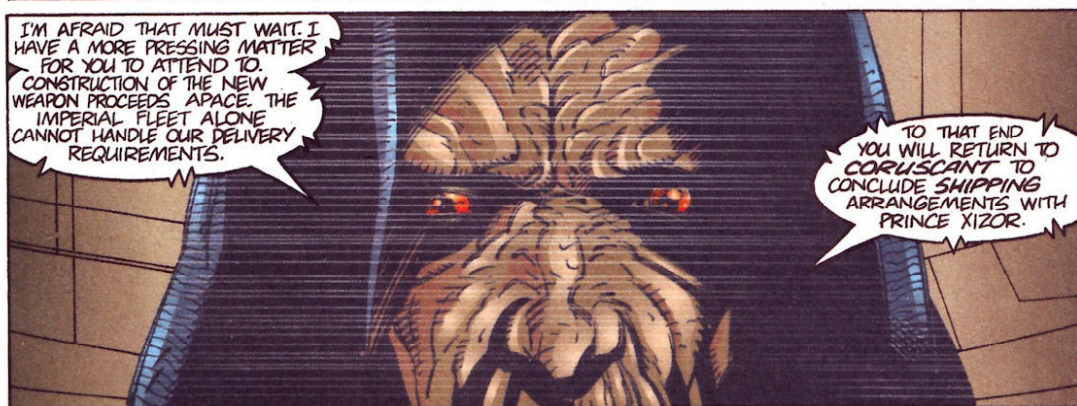
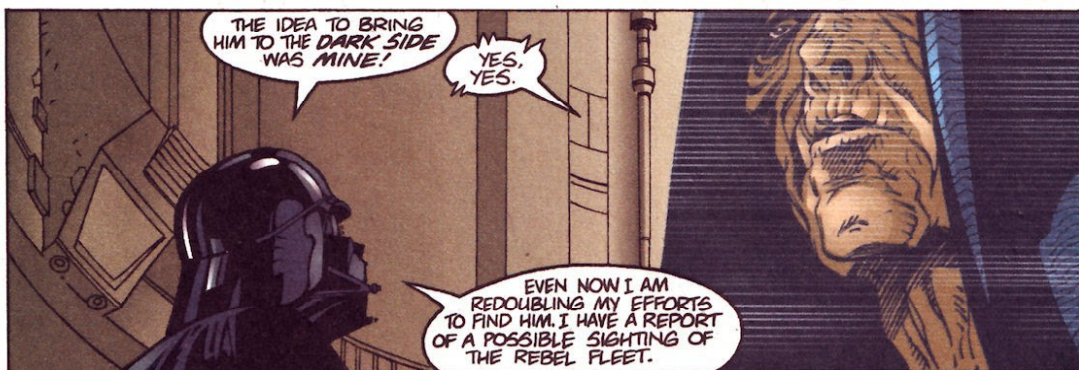
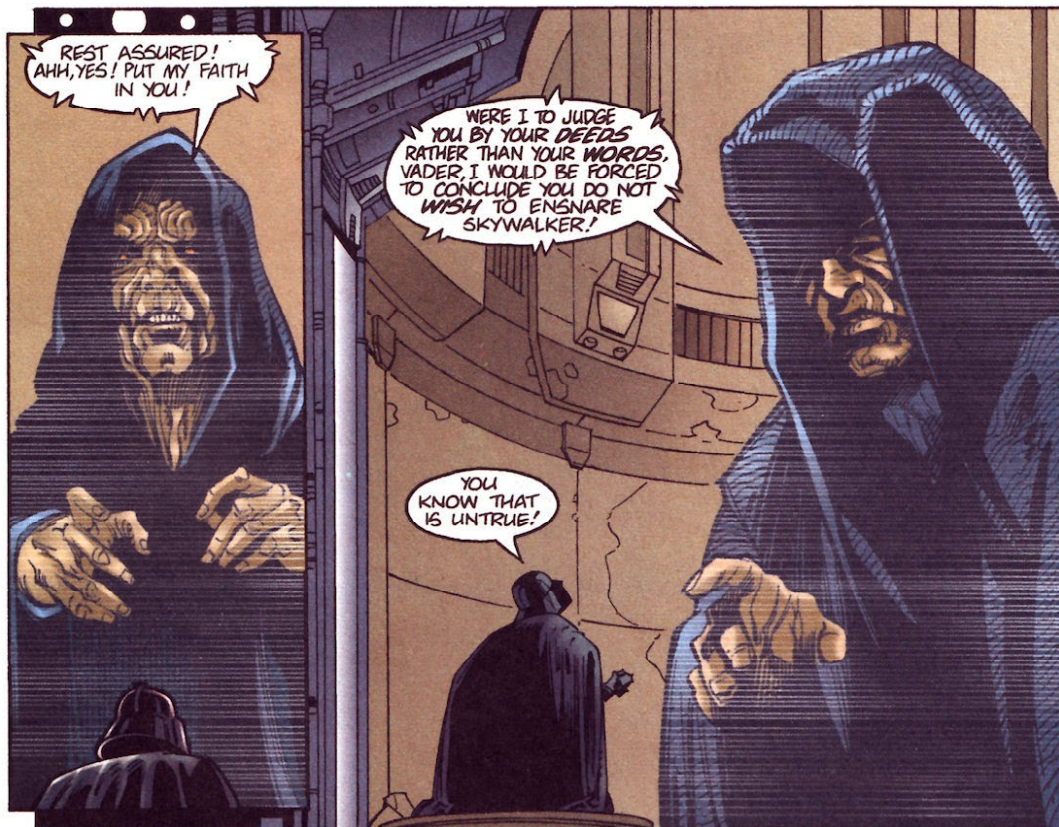
GOOD WORK,
WEDGE! BRING YOUR
BOYS IN!

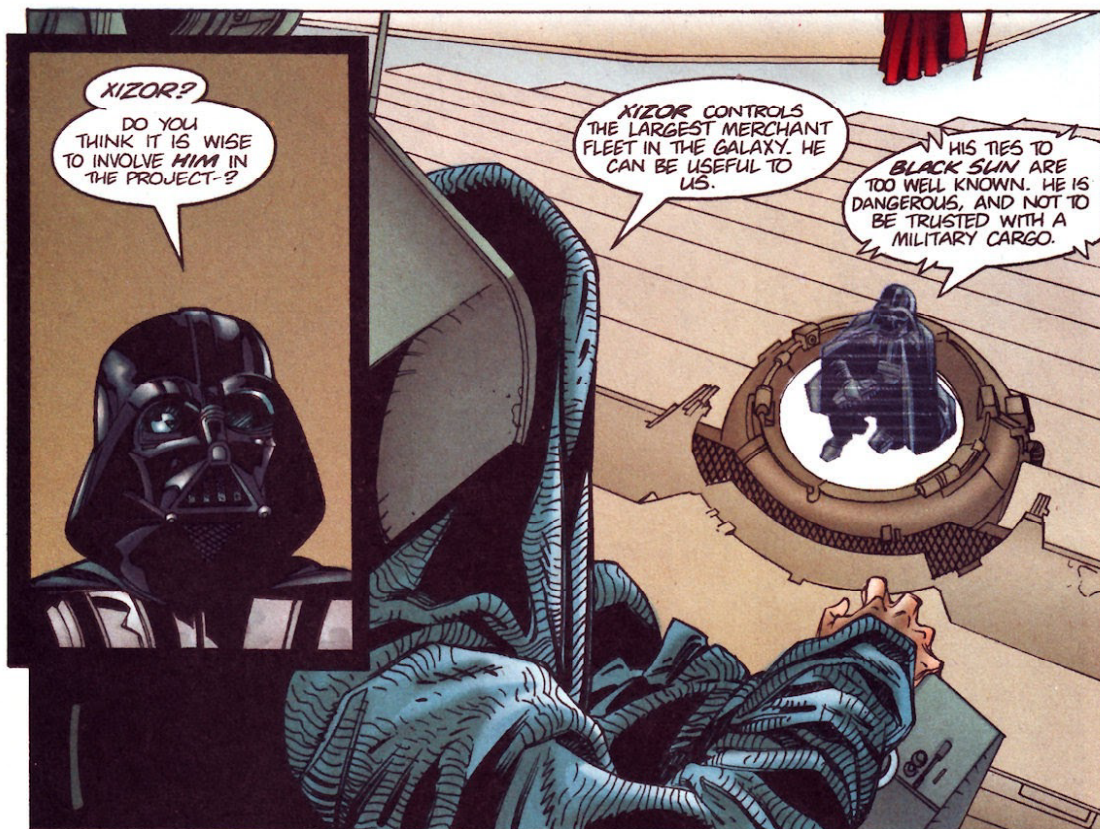


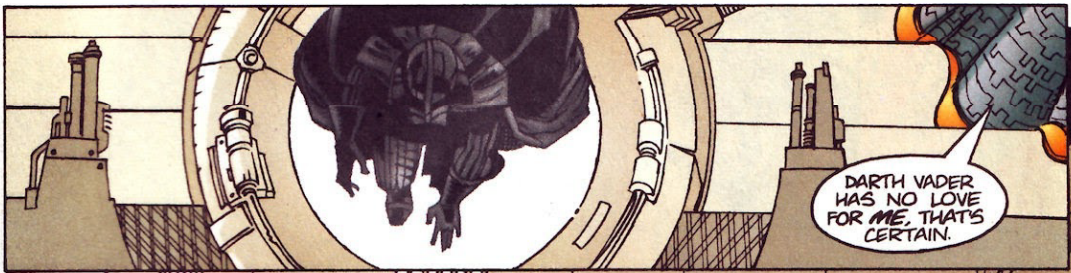
LUKE SKYWALKER'S
ESCAPE WAS UNFORTUNATE-
BUT NOT FATAL. I HAVE
SOWN THE SEEDS OF AM-
BITION IN HIS MIND.

REST
ASSURED, HE WILL
BE OURS.









DARTH VADER
HAS NO LOVE
FOR ME, THAT'S
CERTAIN.



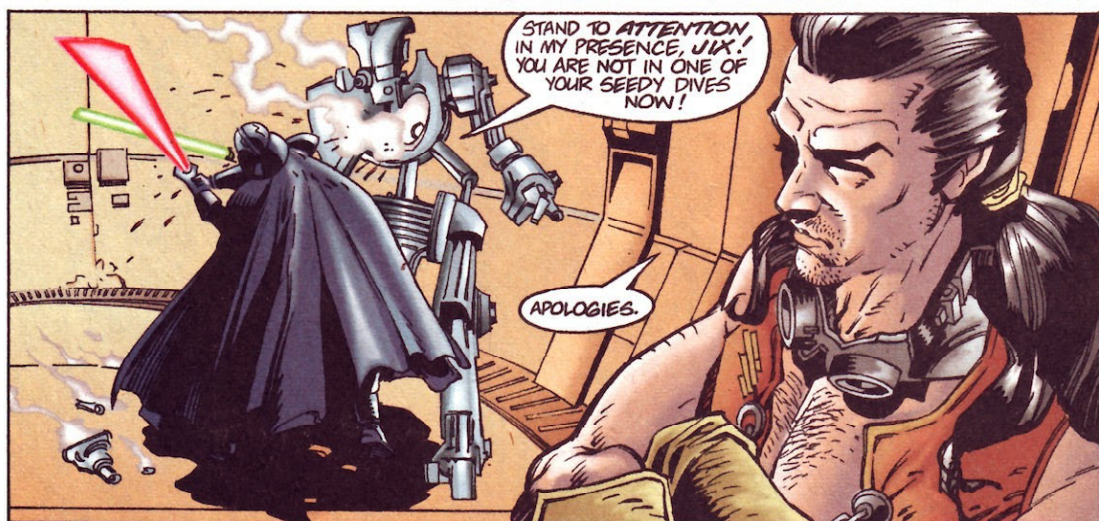
REGRETTABLE. THE DARK LORD OF THE
SITH HAS MANY ADMIRABLE QUALITIES,
BUT HE CAN BE A TRIFLE... *RIGID*
IN HIS THINKING.

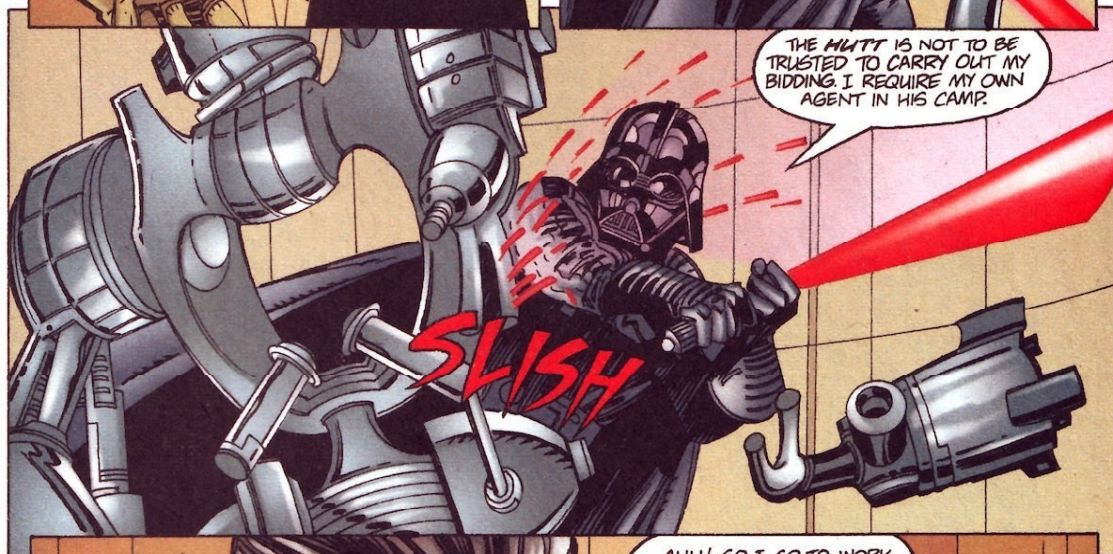


I HOPE HIS
JUDGMENT IS NOT IM-
PAIRED BY HIS EMOTIONS--
HIS HATRED OF ME, HIS LOVE
FOR HIS SON.

VADER IS ABOVE
THAT. HIS LOYALTY
TO THE EMPIRE IS
UNQUESTIONED.

OF
COURSE.





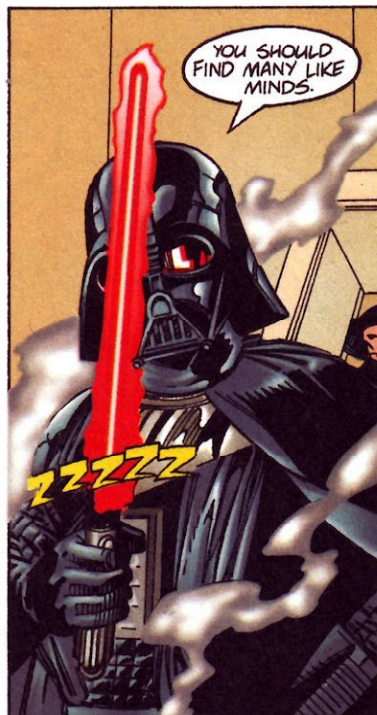


I SUGGEST YOUR BEST COURSE IS TO INSINUATE YOURSELF INTO THE HUTT'S SWOOP GANG.



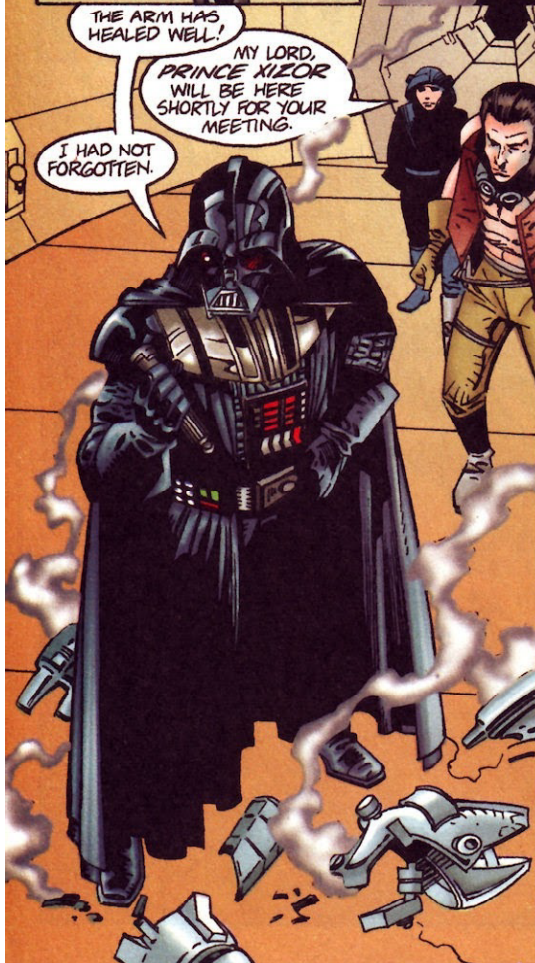
BY ALL ACCOUNTS THEY'RE AN UNDISCIPLINED, FOUL-MANNERED BAND OF RENEGADES AND CRIMINALS.

SHANGG!



YOU SHOULD FIND MANY LIKE MINDS.

ZZZZZZ



THE ARM HAS HEALED WELL!

MY LORD, PRINCE XIZOR WILL BE HERE SHORTLY FOR YOUR MEETING.

I HAD NOT FORGOTTEN.



A SHIP IS WAITING TO TAKE YOU TO TATOOINE. YOU WILL FIND EVERYTHING YOU NEED ABOARD.

KEEP ME INFORMED. IF SKYWALKER TURNS UP, I WANT HIM CAPTURED ALIVE.

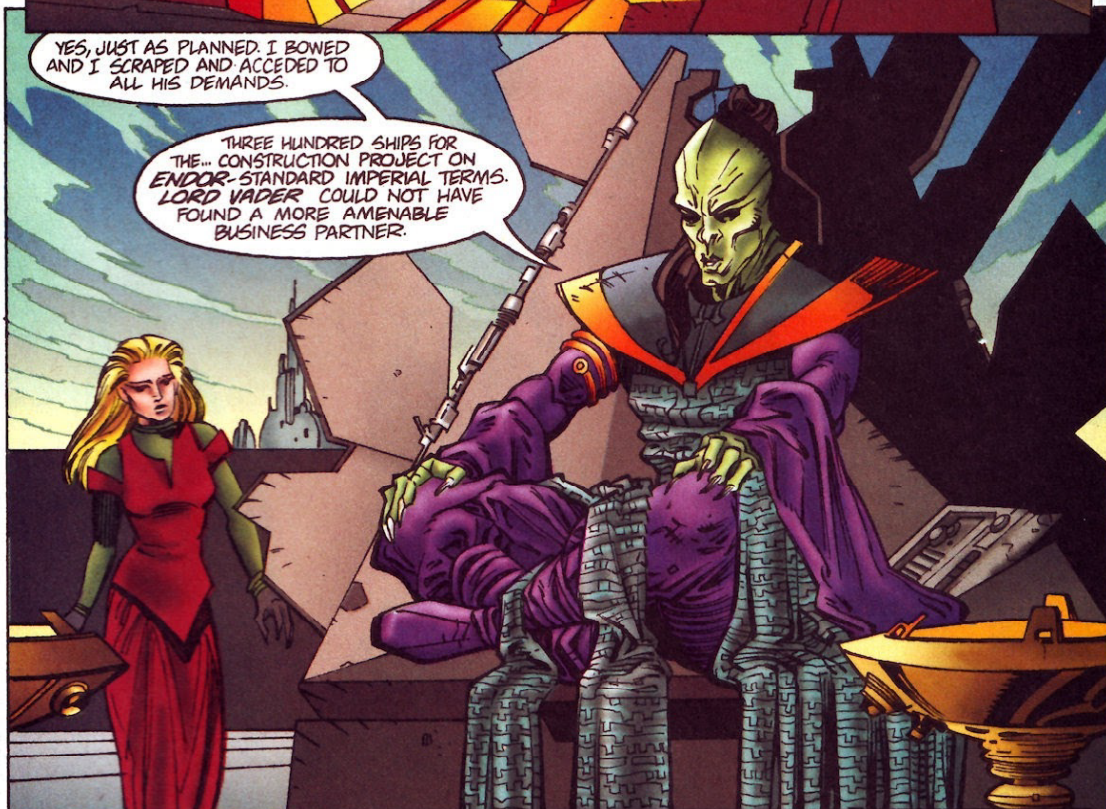
THAT MIGHT NOT BE EASY.

DO NOT FAIL ME! YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS!

I KNOW YOU, JIX. NO MISTAKES ON THIS. IF SKYWALKER DIES, YOU DIE!



YOUR MEETING WITH LORD VADER WENT AS PLANNED, PRINCE XIZOR?



YES, JUST AS PLANNED. I BOWED AND I SCRAPED AND ACCEDDED TO ALL HIS DEMANDS.

THREE HUNDRED SHIPS FOR THE... CONSTRUCTION PROJECT ON ENDOR-STANDARD IMPERIAL TERMS. LORD VADER COULD NOT HAVE FOUND A MORE AMENABLE BUSINESS PARTNER.



OR A MORE DANGEROUS ENEMY.

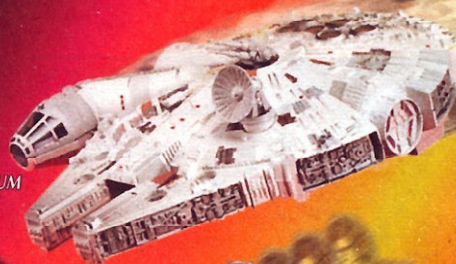
YOU HAVE SET LOOSE THE BOUNTY HUNTERS, GURI?

YES. HOWEVER, THEY MAY BE UNNECESSARY. BOBA FETT'S SHIP HAS BEEN SIGHTED ON GALL.

IF LUKE SKYWALKER ACTS TRUE TO FORM, HIS DEATH IS ASSURED - WITH ENOUGH CLUES LEFT BEHIND TO IMPLICATE THE EMPIRE!

STAR WARS™

LA GUERRA DE LAS GALAXIAS
LA GUERRE DES ÉTOILES



MILLENNIUM
FALCON



DASH
RENDAR



IMPERIAL AT-ST
KEIZERLIJKE AT-ST
IMPERIALER AT-ST



X-WING



DARTH VADER VS. PRINCE XIZOR
DARTH VADER CONTRA EL PRINCE XIZOR
DARK VADOR contre XIZOR
DARTH VADER TEGEN PRINCE XIZOR
DARTH VADER GEGEN PRINZ XIZOR



PRINCE XIZOR
EL PRINCE XIZOR
PRINZ XIZOR



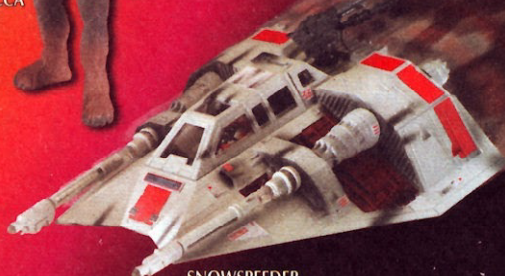
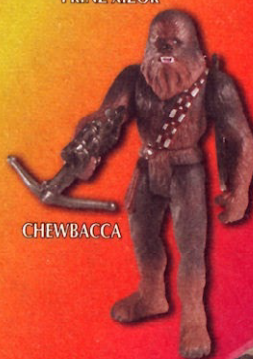
CHEWBACCA



LUKE AS CORUSCANT GUARD
LUKE GARDE DE CORUSCANT
LUKE ALS CORUSCANT WACHTER
LUKE IM IMPERIALEN SCHUTZANZUG



BOBA FETT VS. IG-88
BOBA FETT CONTRA IG-88
BOBA FETT contre IG-88
BOBA FETT TEGEN IG-88
BOBA FETT GEGEN IG-88



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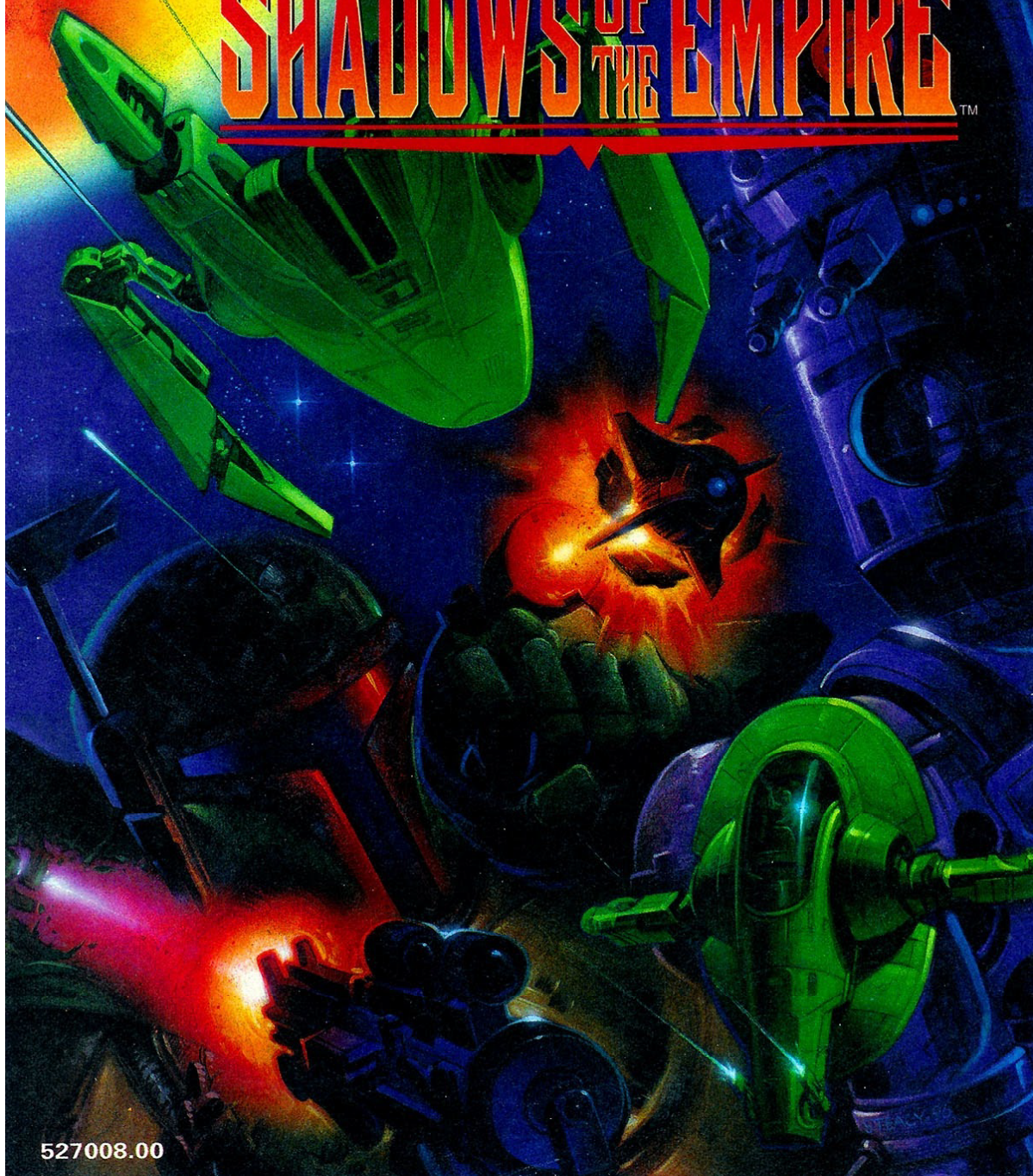


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SHADOWS OF
THE EMPIRE
SPECIAL

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Ultimate victory lies within the grasp of the dreaded Galactic Emperor Palpatine as the tattered remnants of the Rebel fleet desperately seek sanctuary and time to muster new allies.

A grim Luke Skywalker, reeling from Darth Vader's revelation on the cloud city of Bespin, ponders his own destiny and that of the Rebel Alliance. Meanwhile, the search ensues for Han Solo, captive of the notorious bounty hunter, Boba Fett.

But Boba Fett has more than Rebels to worry about, for the price on Han Solo's head is high, and the rest of the galaxy's bounty hunters, including the nefarious assassin droid, IG-88, want a piece of the action!

JOHN WAGNER *Script*
KILIAN PLUNKETT *Pencils*
P. CRAIG RUSSELL *Inks*
CARY PORTER *Colorist*
DAVE COOPER *Letterer*
KEN STEACY *Cover*

SCOTT TICE *Design*
PEET JANES *Editor*

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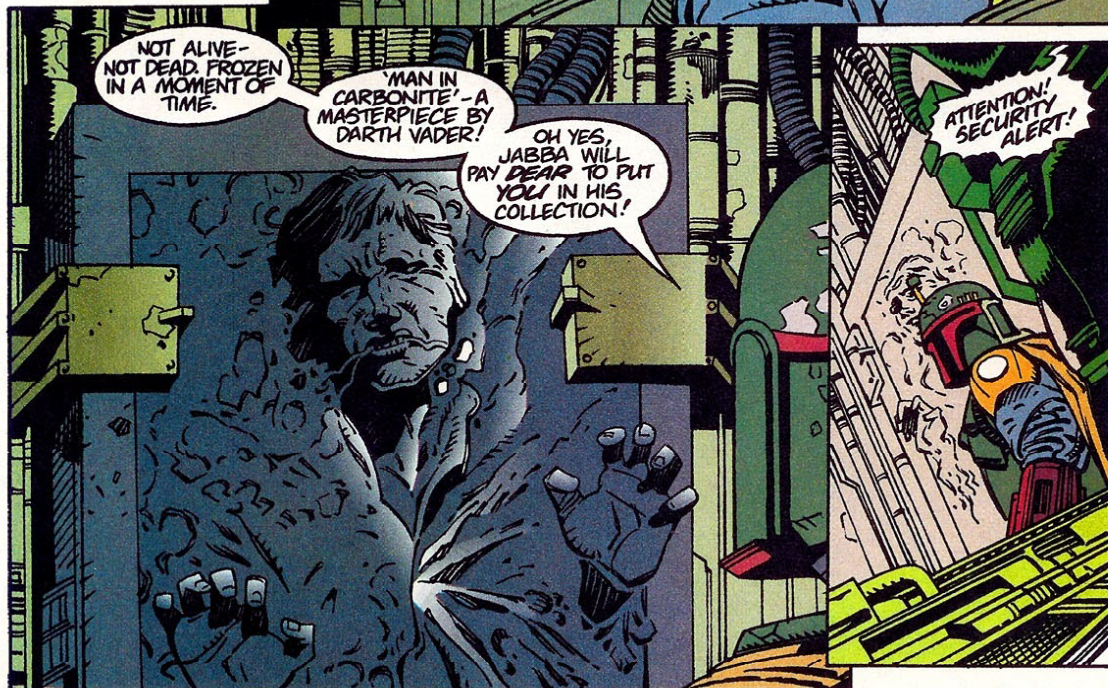
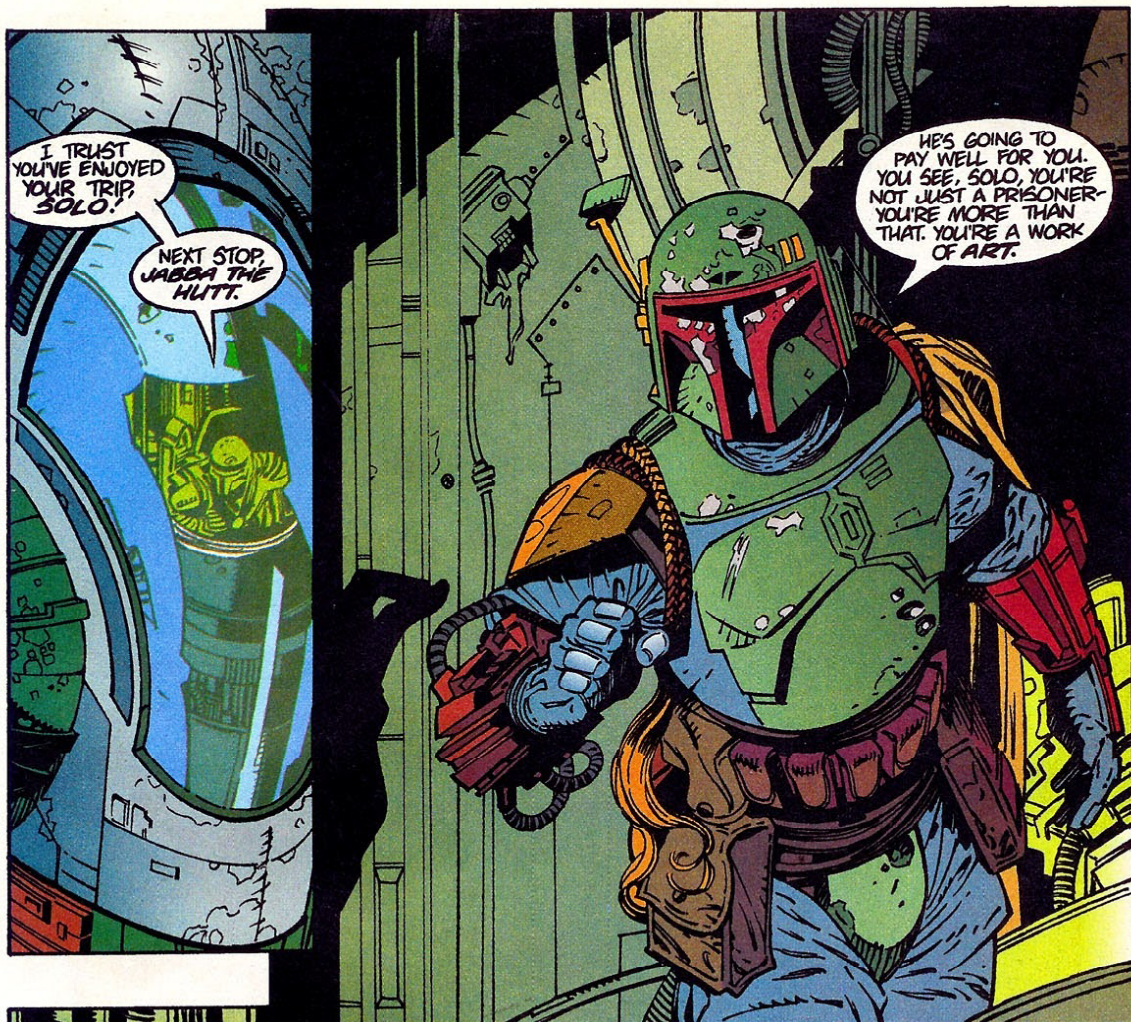
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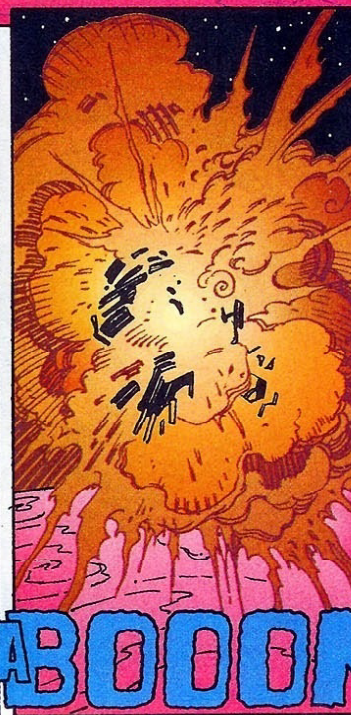
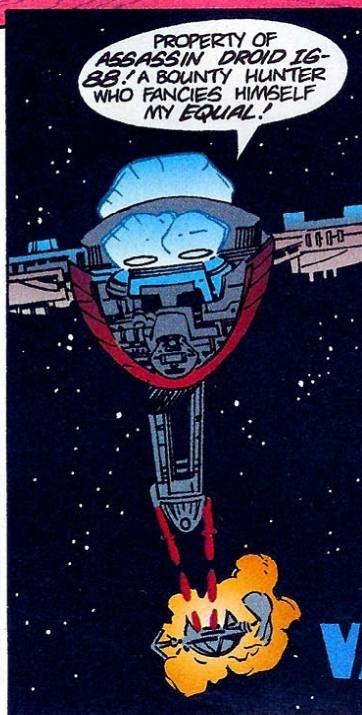
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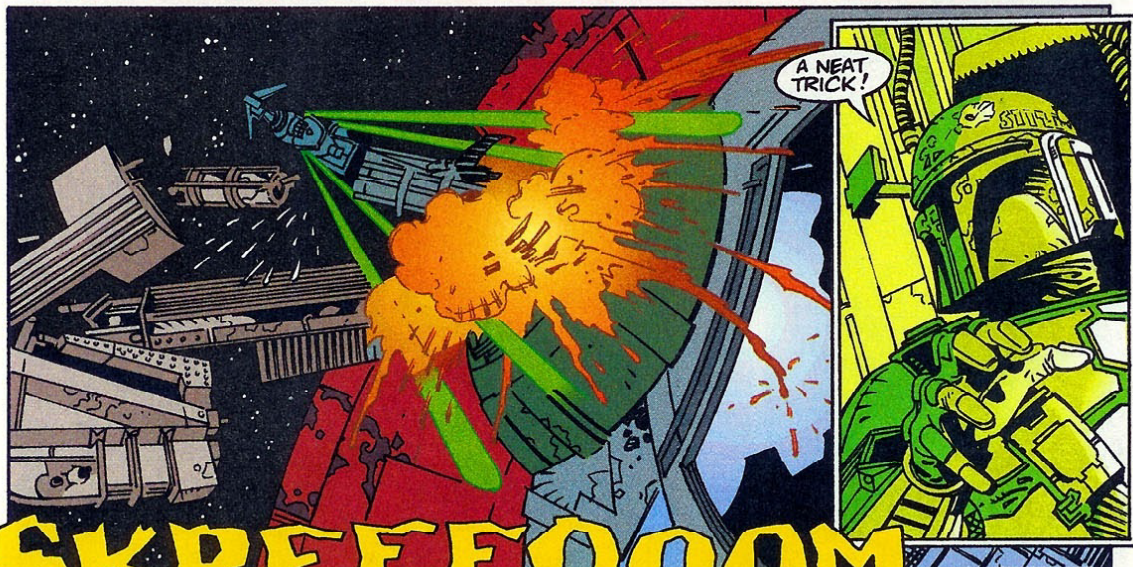
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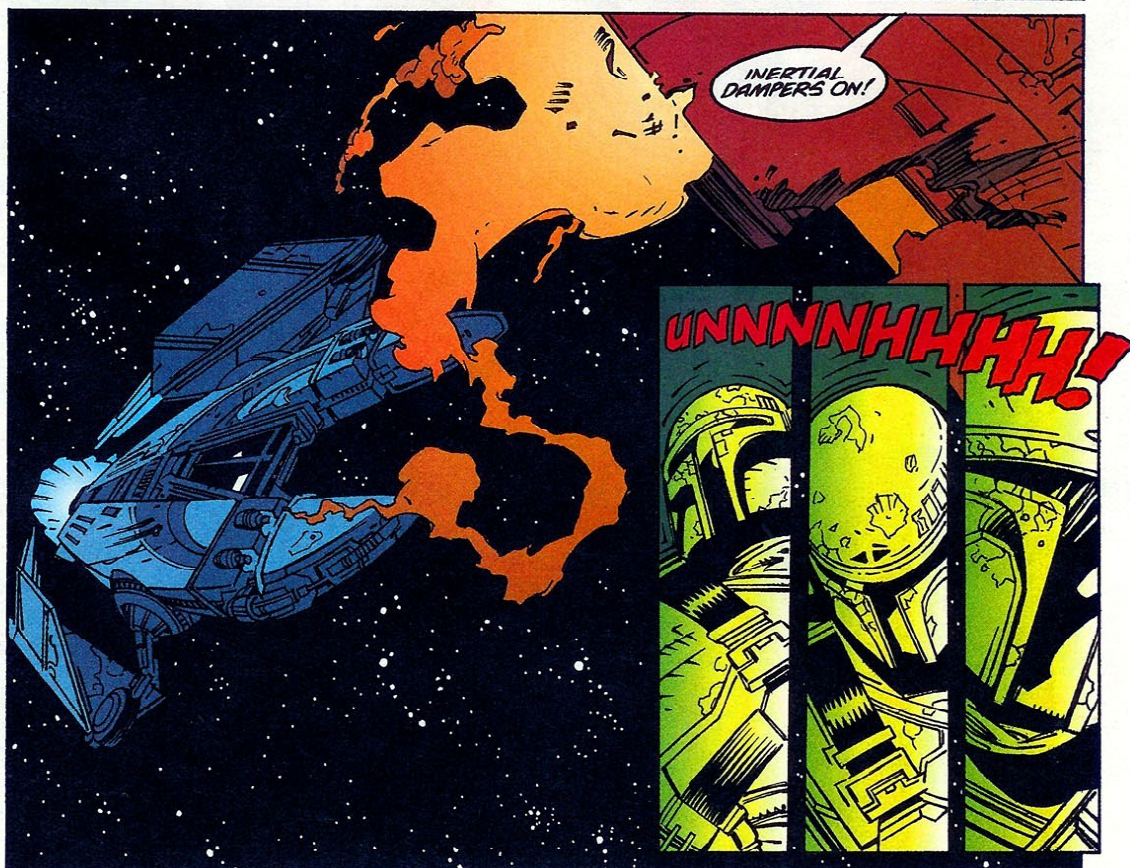


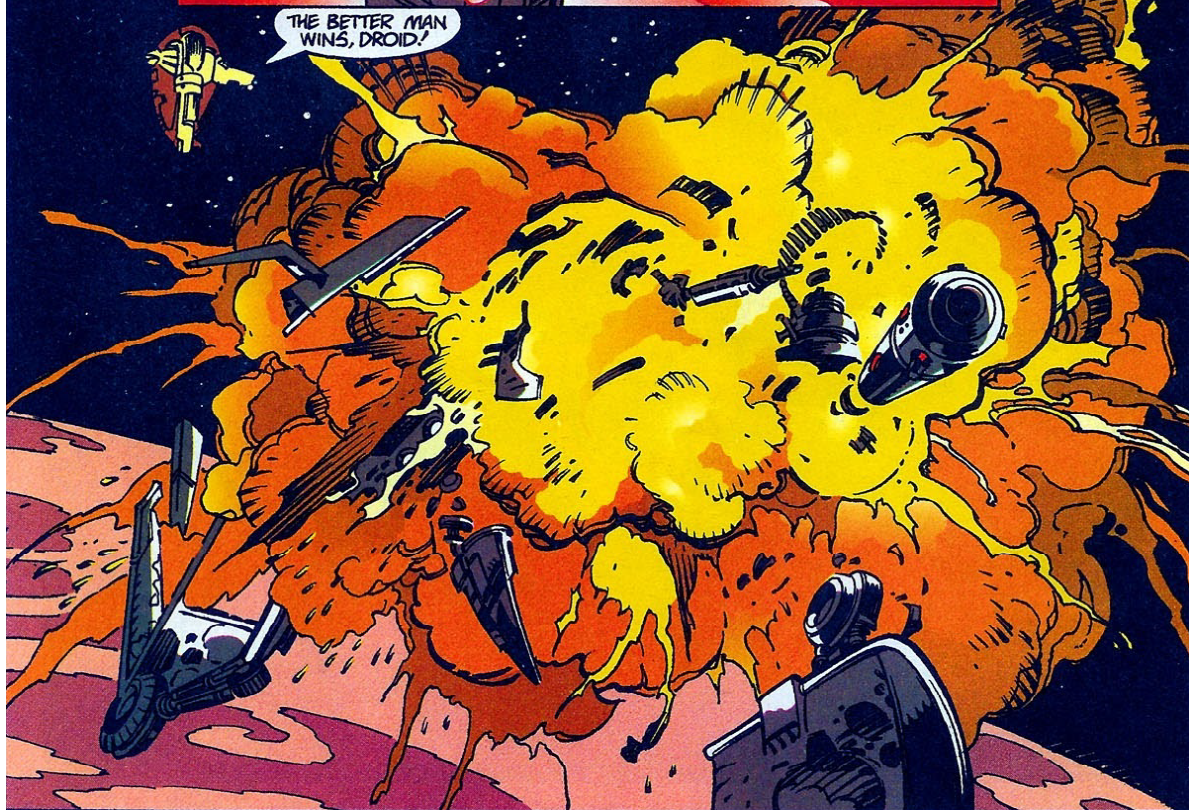
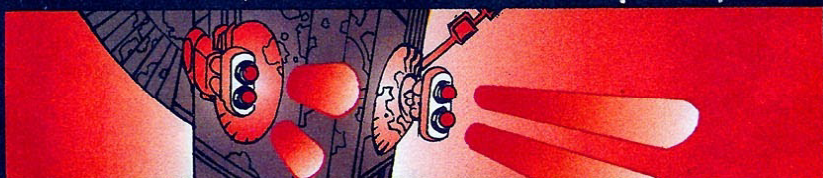
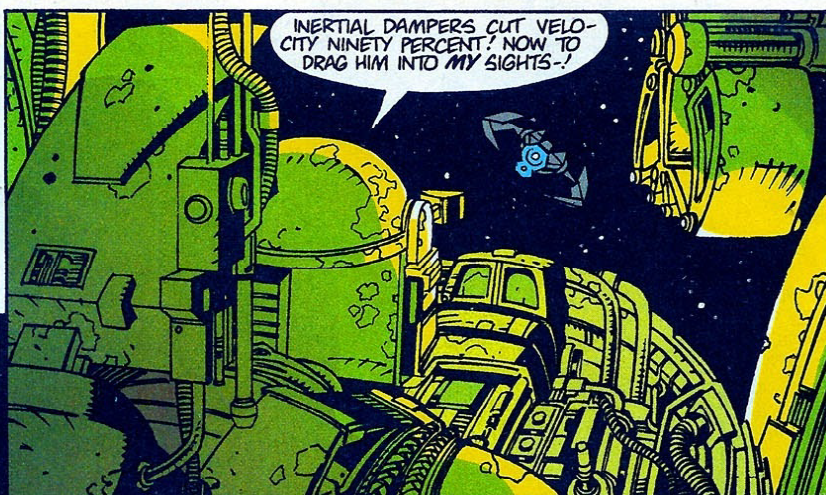
SKREEE OOM

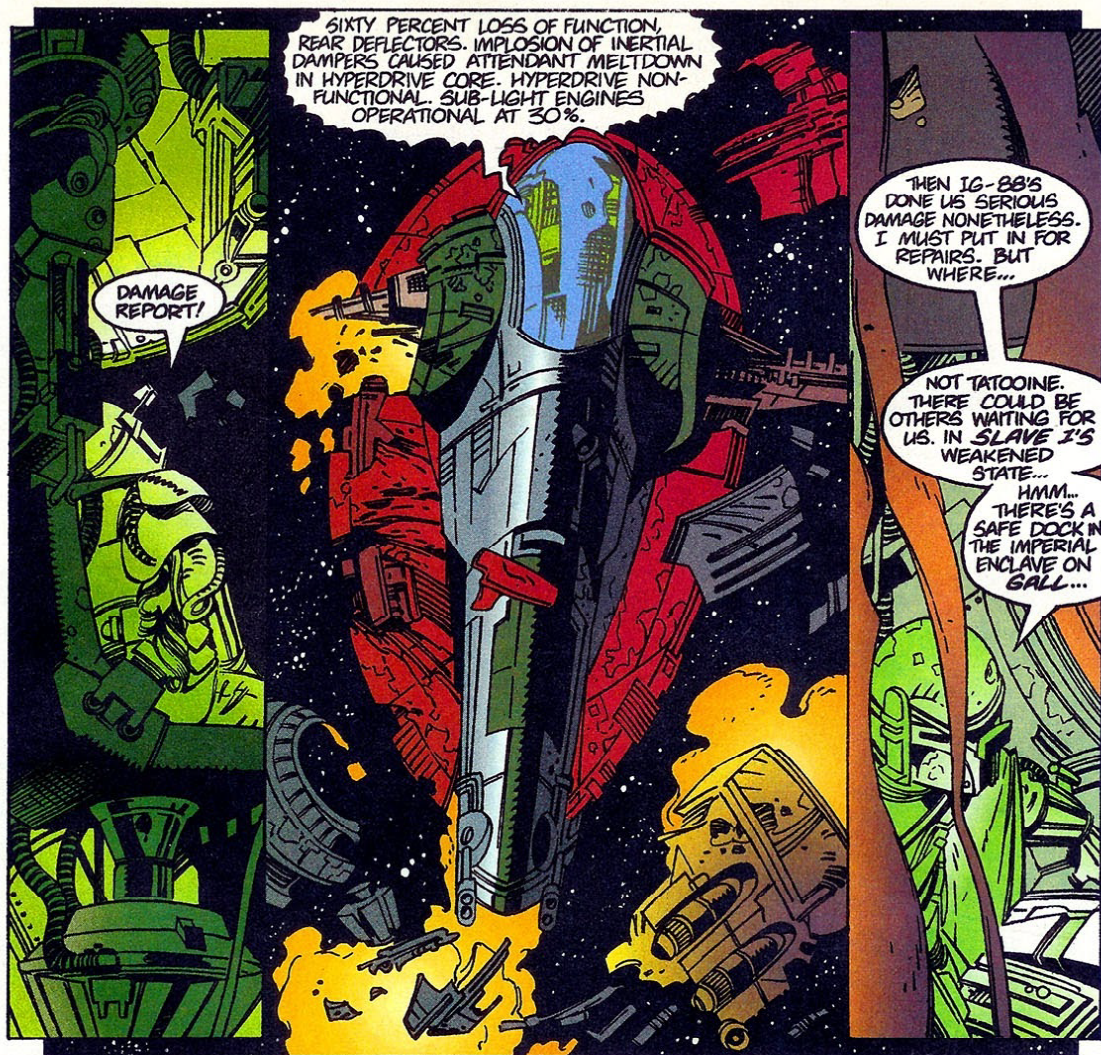


YES, HE IS GOOD, THE DROID! BUT HE HAS A PROBLEM. DESTROY ME AND HE MAY LOSE YOU TOO, SOLO.

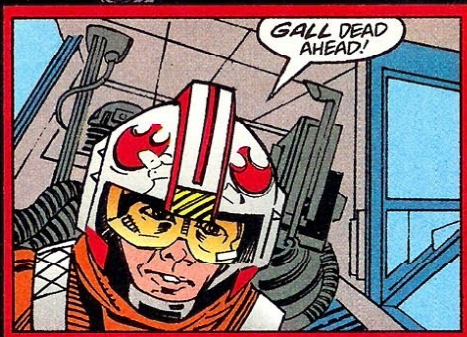
I AM FAR MORE CAPABLE OF WITHSTANDING THE GRAVIMETRIC PRESSURES THAN YOU. THIS TACTIC HAS A ZERO PROBABILITY CURVE FOR SUCCESS.





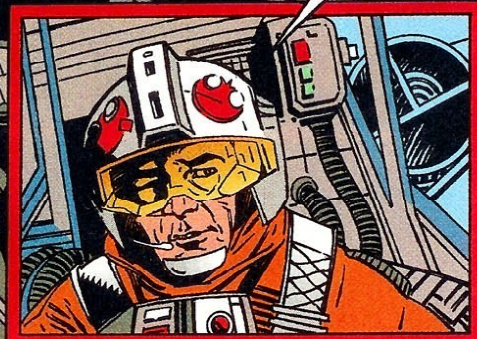


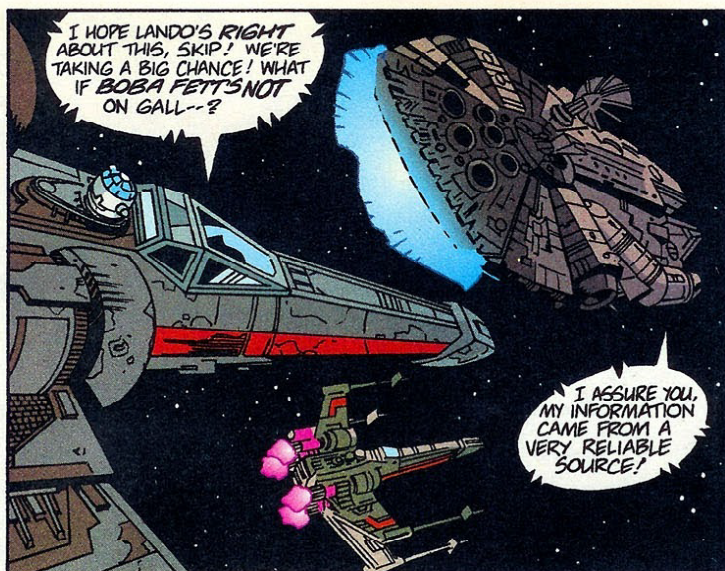
NEXT: ASSAULT ON GALL!



WE'LL BE IN
RANGE OF THE IM-
PERIAL CRUISER IN
THREE MINUTES,
WEDGE.

YOU HEARD
COMMANDER
SKYWALKER,
ROGUES.



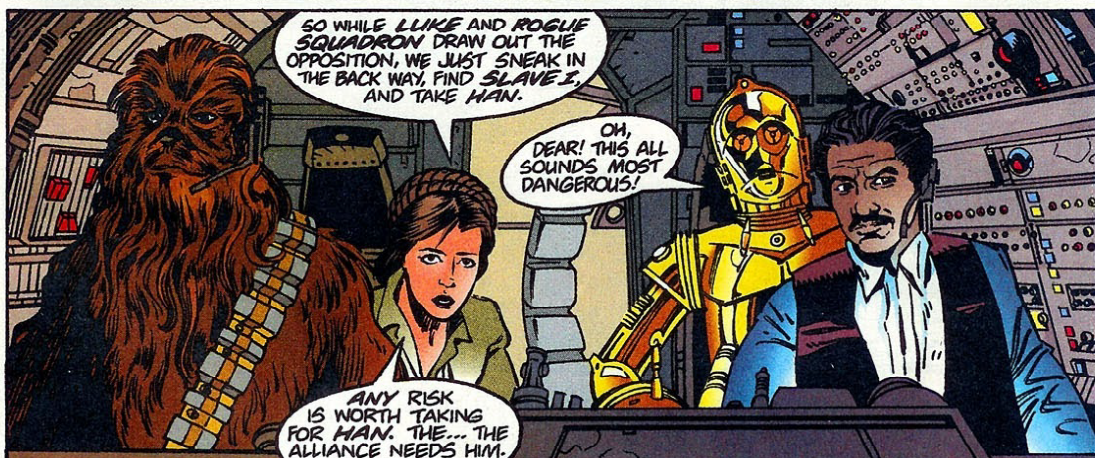


I HOPE LANDO'S RIGHT ABOUT THIS, SKIP! WE'RE TAKING A BIG CHANCE! WHAT IF BOBA FETT'S NOT ON GALL--?

I ASSURE YOU, MY INFORMATION CAME FROM A VERY RELIABLE SOURCE!

FETT WAS ON HIS WAY TO DELIVER HAN TO JABBA WHEN ANOTHER BOUNTY HUNTER ATTEMPTED A LITTLE SMASH-AND-GRAB! FETT'S SHIP *SLAVE I* WAS BADLY DAMAGED! THE SAFEST PLACE TO MAKE REPAIRS WAS THE IMPERIAL ENCLAVE ON GALL-- IT BEING HEAVILY FORTIFIED.

THAT THOUGHT FILLS US WITH GREAT COMFORT, LANDO.



SO WHILE LUKE AND ROGUE SQUADRON DRAW OUT THE OPPOSITION, WE JUST SNEAK IN THE BACK WAY, FIND *SLAVE I*, AND TAKE HAN.

OH, DEAR! THIS ALL SOUNDS MOST DANGEROUS!

ANY RISK IS WORTH TAKING FOR HAN. THE... THE ALLIANCE NEEDS HIM.



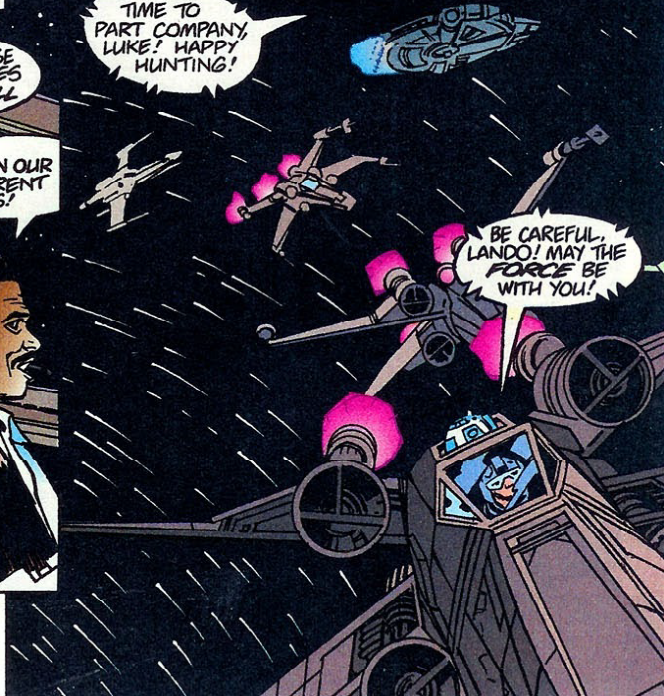
GRROUARRHH.

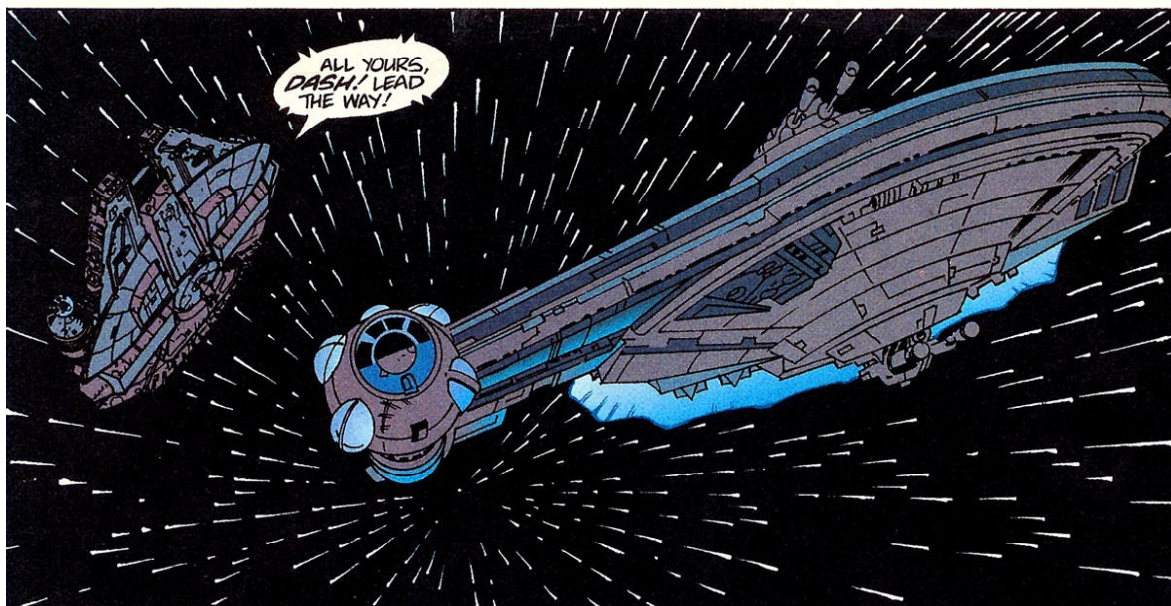
OF COURSE THE PRINCESS LOVES HAN, CHENNE. WE ALL LOVE HIM.

SURE-- IN OUR OWN DIFFERENT WAYS!

TIME TO PART COMPANY, LUKE! HAPPY HUNTING!

BE CAREFUL, LANDO! MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU!



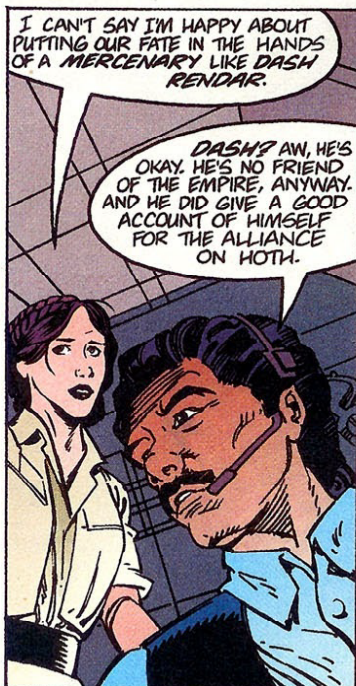


ALL YOURS,
DASH! LEAD
THE WAY!



STAY TIGHT ON MY
TAIL, LANDO! HERE'S
YOUR CHANCE TO
PROVE YOU'RE STILL
THE **SECOND BEST**
PILOT AROUND.

YOU STILL TALK LIKE
A HOTSHOT, BUDDY!



I CAN'T SAY I'M HAPPY ABOUT
PUTTING OUR FATE IN THE HANDS
OF A **MERCENARY** LIKE **DASH RENDAR**.

DASH? AW, HE'S
OKAY. HE'S NO FRIEND
OF THE EMPIRE, ANYWAY.
AND HE DID GIVE A GOOD
ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF
FOR THE ALLIANCE
ON HOTH.



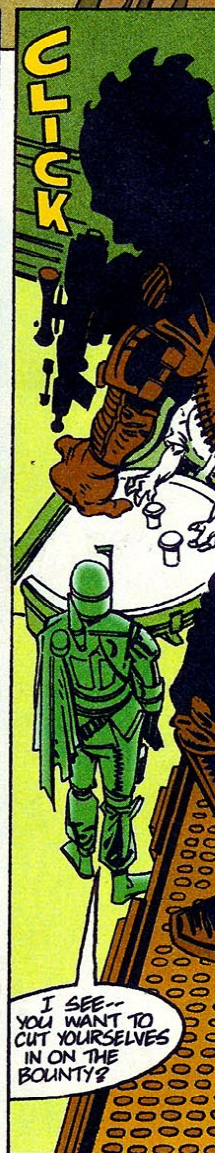
WE USED TO DO A LITTLE
SMUGGLING IN THE OLD DAYS--
GUESS DASH NEVER GOT OUT OF
THAT LINE OF WORK. THAT'S
HOW HE KNOWS THE SET-UP
ON **GALL**.

SOMETIMES
I THINK HE'S A
LITTLE TOO CONFIDENT
FOR HIS OWN
GOOD.



HE'LL NEED ALL
THE CONFIDENCE HE
CAN MUSTER FOR
THIS ONE.

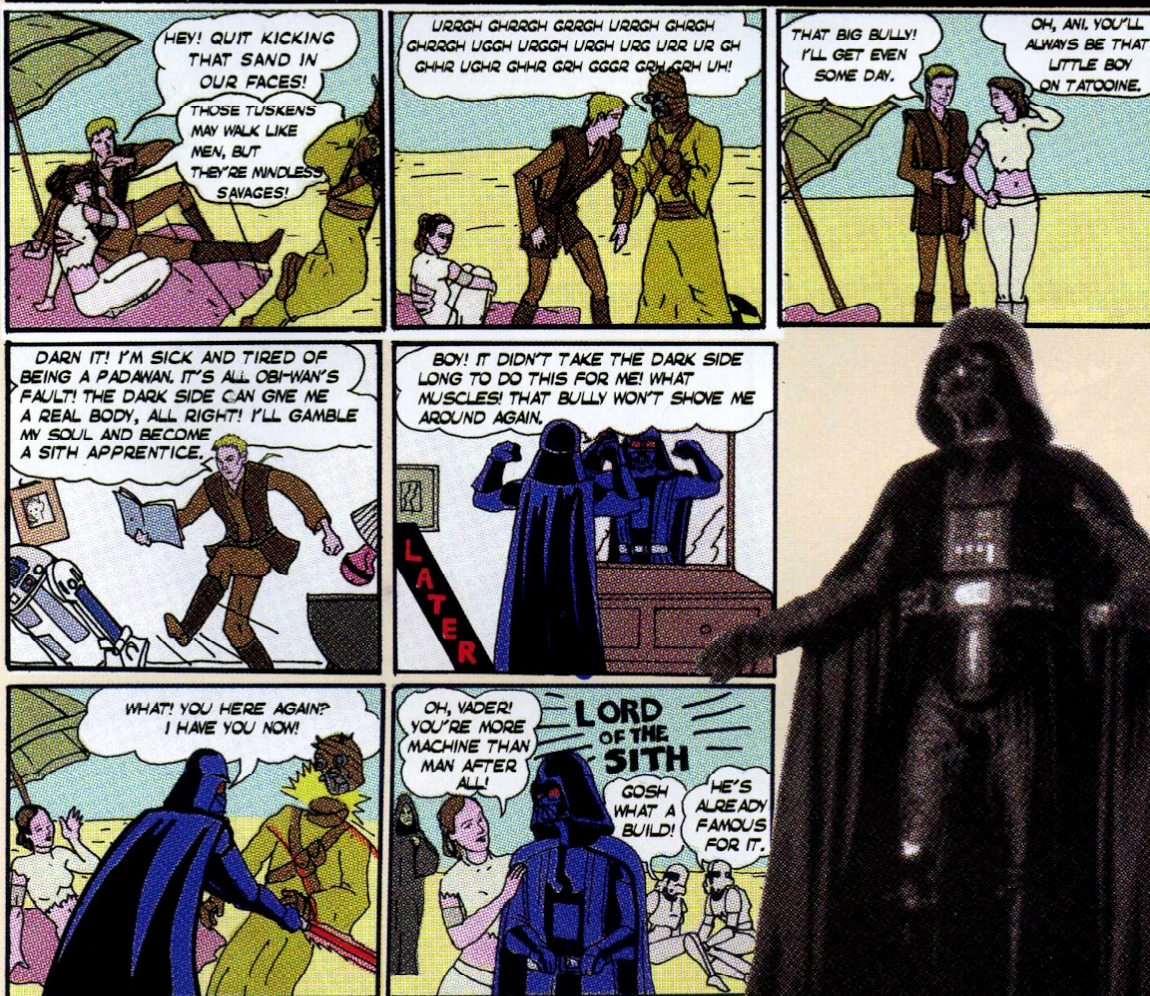
DON'T WORRY,
PRINCESS--







THE INSULT THAT MADE A SITH OUT OF "ANAKIN"



Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU A NEW MAN!

ARE you "fed up" with others walking off with the best of everything? Sick and tired of living in fear, being unable to stop others from dying? I know just how you feel. Because I myself was once a puny Padawan, held back and unable to move on.

Give Into Your Anger!

Then I discovered a wonderful, unnatural way to develop my power fast. It worked wonders for me. It changed me from the scrawny Padawan I was at 19 into "The Dark Lord of the Sith." I can build up your anger the very same way — without weights, springs or pulleys. Only a few minutes a day of rage

-- in the privacy of your own meditation chamber.

Only Your Hatred Can Make You Destroy Me!

You have only begun to discover your power. Join me and I can complete your training. With our combined strength, we can end this destructive conflict and bring order to the galaxy.

Mail Coupon Now for My 32-Page Illustrated Book

Mailing the coupon can be the turning point in your life. I'll send you a copy of my 32-page fully illustrated book, "How The Dark Side Makes You a NEW MAN" tells how and why my method works; shows many pictures proving what it has done for others.

DARTH VADER, Dept. 66

East Castle, Vjun, Auril Sector, 10010

Dear Darth Vader - Here are the kind of Powers I Want.

(Check as many as you like)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Force Choke | <input type="checkbox"/> Mind Tricks |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lightsaber Attack | <input type="checkbox"/> Force Jump |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lightsaber Throw | <input type="checkbox"/> Stop People From Dying |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hurl Objects | <input type="checkbox"/> Force Lightning |

I enclose 10 credits. Please send me a copy of your famous book showing how the dark side can make me a new man. 32 Pages crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. This obligates me in numerous ways.

Name: Age:

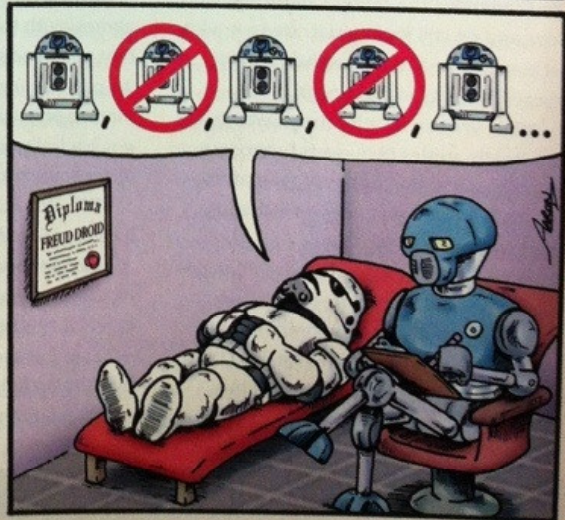
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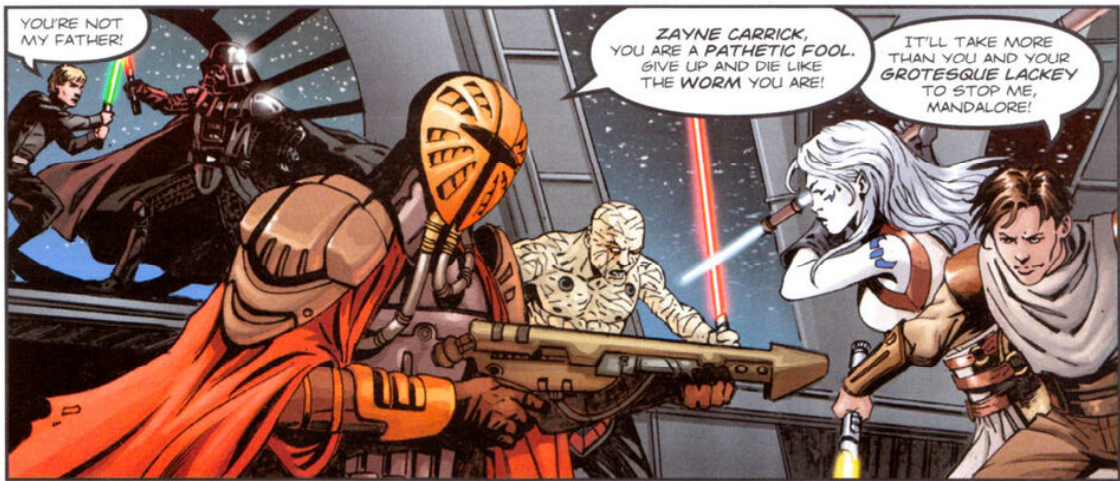
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LIGHT SIDE DARK SIDE





WITH STAR WARS™ MINATURES AND ROLEPLAYING GAMES, ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE!

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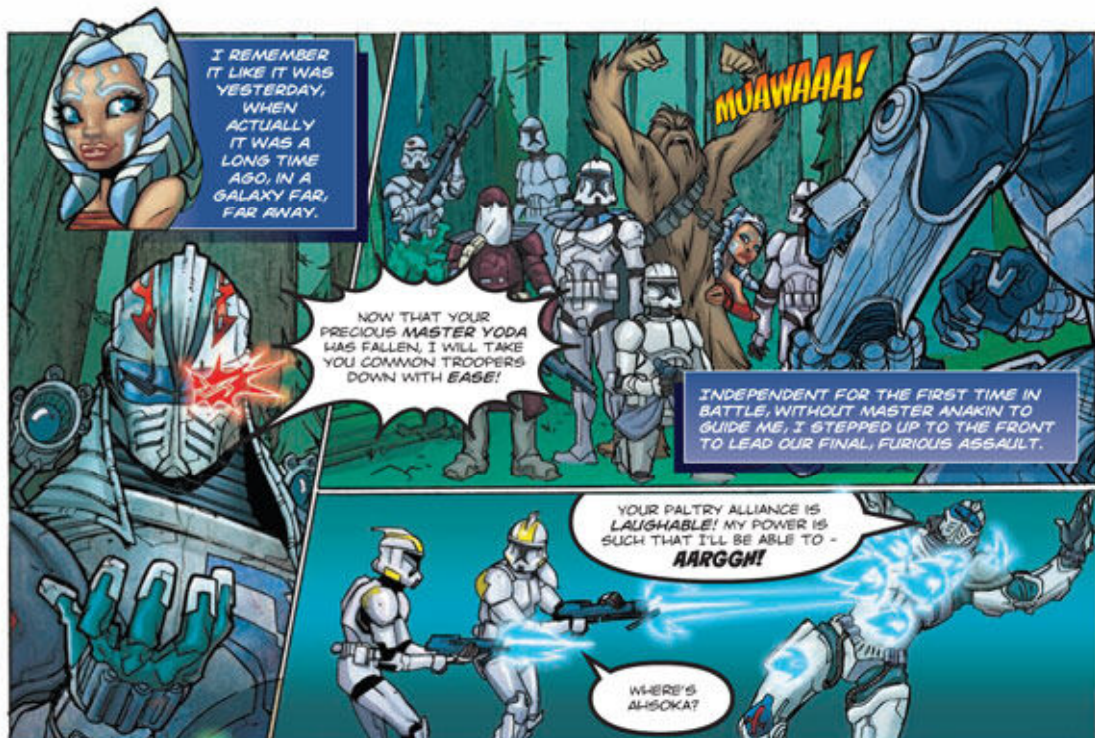
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STAR WARS
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STAR WARS
MINIMATIVES



MARVEL

STAR WARS

№ 83 19th Jan 1985

25p

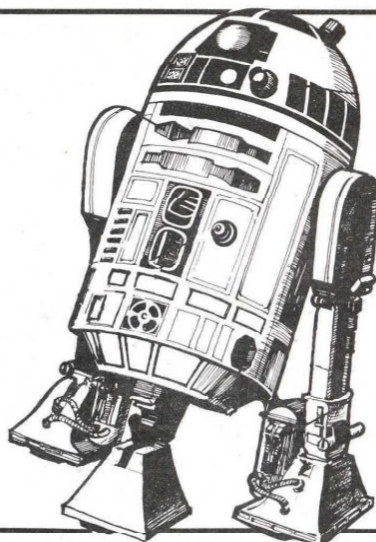
RETURN OF THE JEDI



**THE
SAGA
THAT
ROCKED
THE
UNIVERSE!**

R2-D2's tales from the DATA BANKS

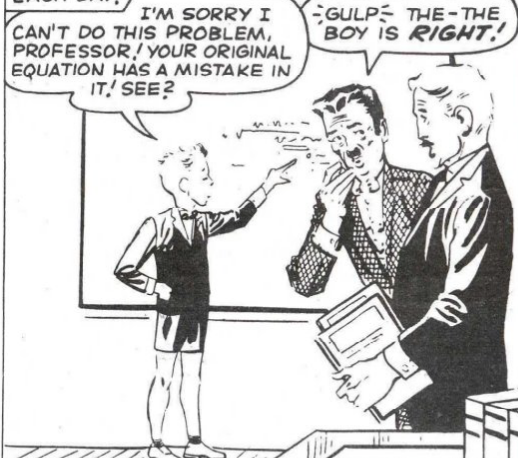
TALK ABOUT **BRAINS!** BRONSON WAS THE SMARTEST MAN ON EARTH! HE MADE ORDINARY GENIUSES LOOK LIKE KNUCKLEHEADS! BUT, IN SPITE OF ALL THAT, THE MOST IMPORTANT DECISION HE EVER MADE WAS-- **THE DUMBEST!**



FROM THE DAY HE WAS BORN, BORIS BRONSON WAS A **PRODIGY!**



AS HE GREW OLDER, HE GREW STILL SMARTER EACH DAY!



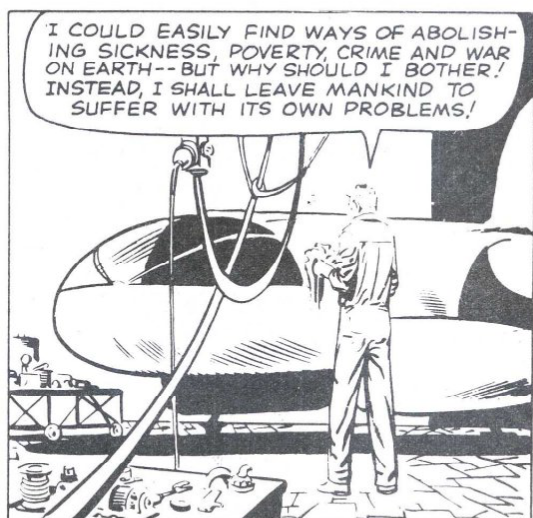
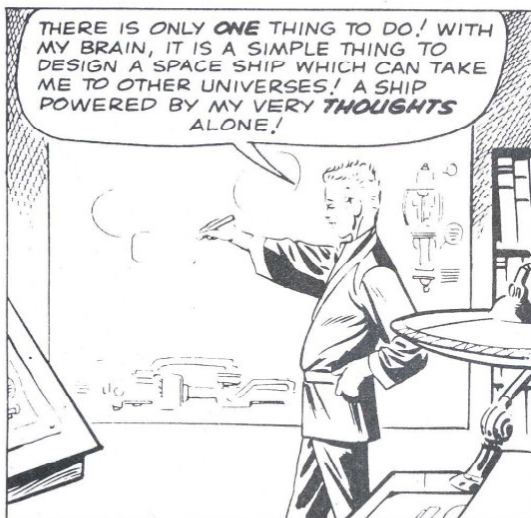
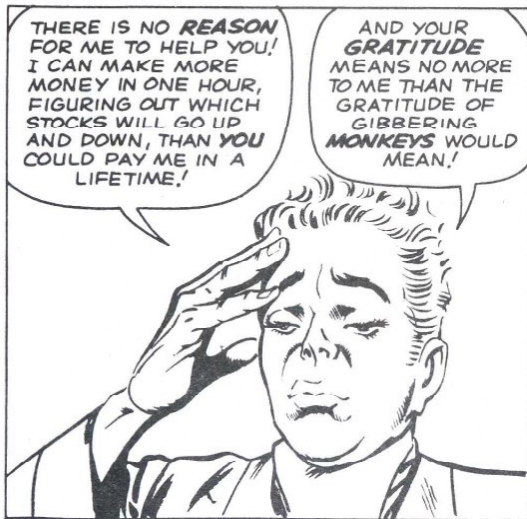
BUT, THE SMARTER HE GREW, THE MORE **CON-CEITED** HE GREW!

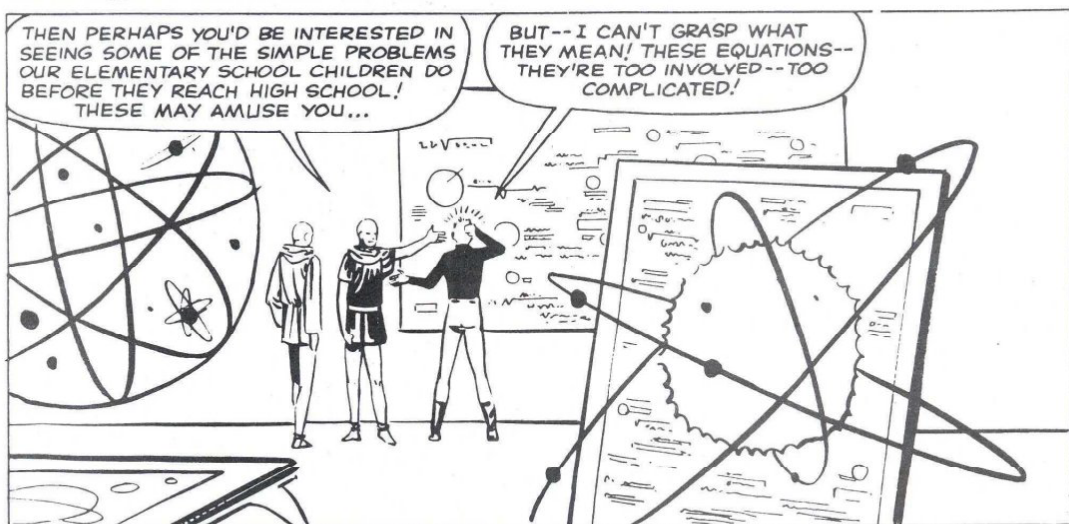
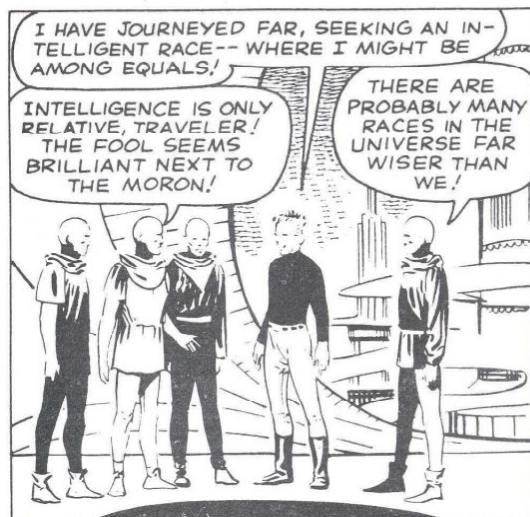


BRONSON, IF YOU'D ONLY WORK **WITH** US, WE COULD FIND A WAY TO CONVERT SALT WATER TO FRESH WATER! THINK WHAT A BOON THAT WOULD BE TO MANKIND!

MANKIND?? YOU MEAN **INFANTKIND!** TO ME, YOU ORDINARY MEN ARE AS BRAIN-LESS AS CODFISH!

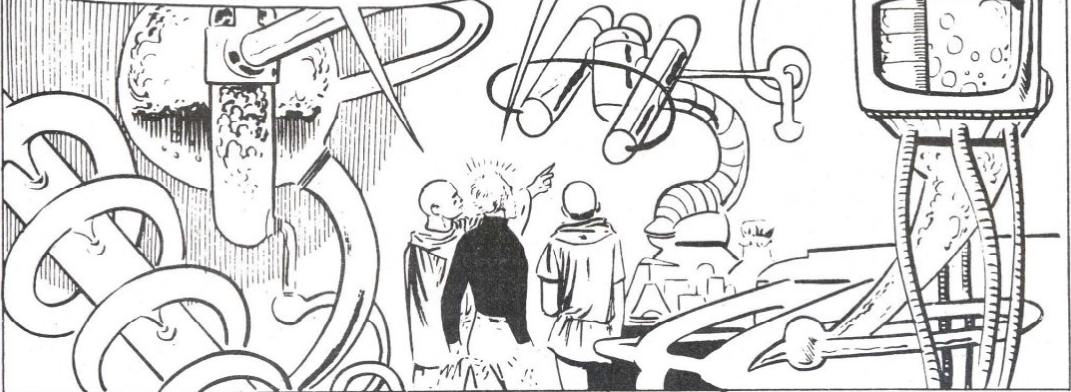






SURELY YOU MUST BE JESTING! HERE, SEE SOME OF OUR BASIC SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS --THIS IS WHERE WE PROBE THE VERY SECRETS OF LIFE ITSELF! NOTE THE SIMPLE, UNCOMPLICATED PROCEDURE WE USE!

THIS IS **MADNESS!** NOTHING MAKES SENSE TO ME! I CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND!

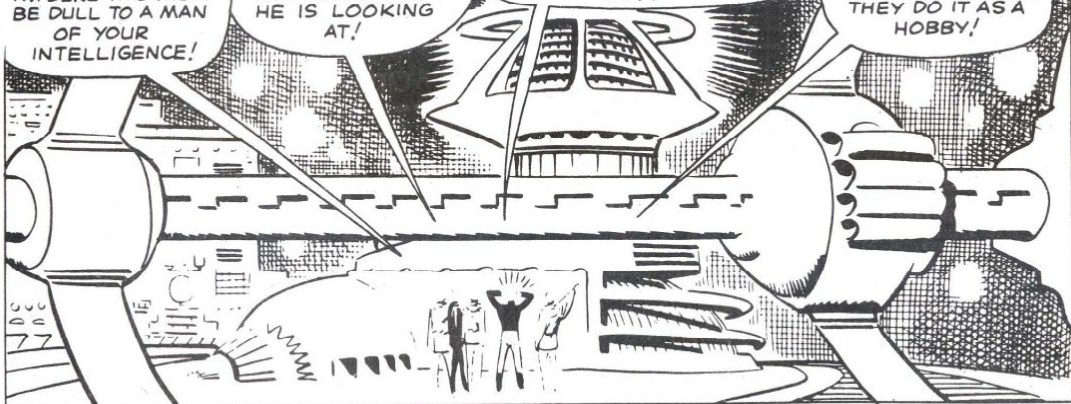


AND THIS IS ONE OF OUR SUN-POWERED NUCLEAR EXPERIMENTAL LABS! BUT I'M SURE THIS MUST BE DULL TO A MAN OF YOUR INTELLIGENCE!

WAIT! I DO BELIEVE HE IS NOT JESTING! I SUSPECT HE ACTUALLY DOES NOT KNOW WHAT HE IS LOOKING AT!

IT'S ALL SO STRANGE! SO IMPOSSIBLE! HOW DOES IT WORK? WHAT IS IT? HOW DO YOU EVER UNDERSTAND IT???

AMAZING! EVEN THE **CHILDREN** OF OUR WORLD CAN CONSTRUCT THESE SIMPLE DEVICES! THEY DO IT AS A HOBBY!



AND, FINALLY...

IMAGINE! WHEN HE LANDED ON OUR PLANET, HE SAID HE WAS LOOKING FOR AN INTELLIGENT RACE!

PERHAPS HE HOPED WE WOULD SHELTER HIM, AND LOOK AFTER HIM, AS WE ARE DOING! POOR CREATURE! IT MUST BE DREADFUL TO HAVE NO BRAIN!



WHAT HAVE I DONE???

WHAT HAVE I DONE???



I'VE FOUND A WORLD WHERE THE INHABITANTS ARE **SO** BRILLIANT, THAT I'M JUST AN IMBECILE TO THEM! THEY-THEY REFUSE TO LET ME LEAVE! THEY SAY I'M NOT SMART ENOUGH TO FEND FOR MYSELF! IF ONLY-- I HADN'T LEFT EARTH!

ALIEN MORON
(DO NOT FEED)

THE END

MARVEL

STAR WARS.

Summer Special

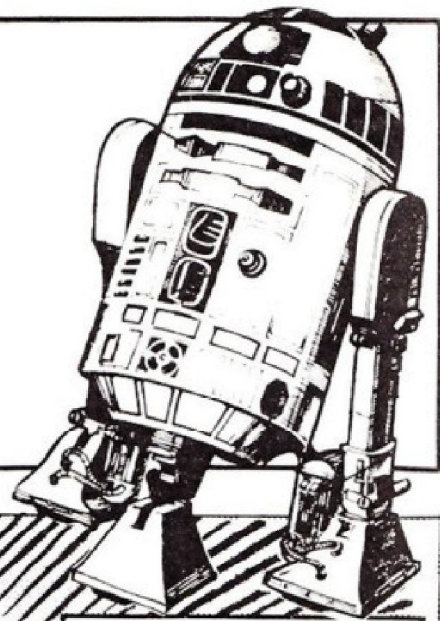
£1.20

1985



Dark Encounter!

R2-D2's tales from the **DATA BANKS**

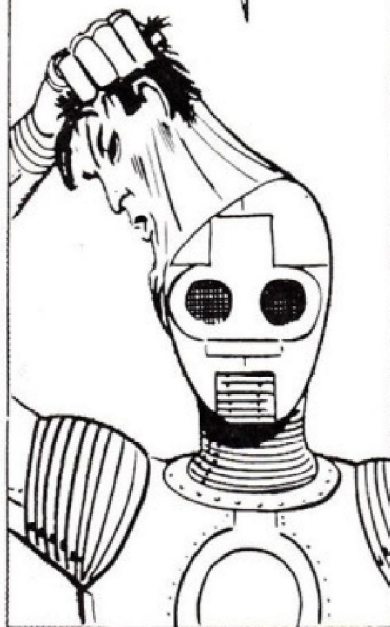


WHAT REALLY *IS*
A HUMAN BEING??
I *HAD* TO LEARN
THE ANSWER! AND
I *DID* LEARN PART
OF THE ANSWER...
THE HARD WAY!



SCRIPT.....STAN LEE
ART.....STEVE DITKO
LETTERING..ART SIMEK

I WAS "BORN" WITH A SERIAL NUMBER INSTEAD OF A NAME! TO THE HUMAN RACE I WAS KNOWN MERELY AS--**ROBOT E-1!** THE "E" STOOD FOR **EXPERIMENTAL MODEL!**



UNTIL TODAY I HAVE BEEN MASQUERADING AS A HUMAN BEING! BUT, MY MASQUERADE IS ENDED! THE GAME IS OVER! AND NOW, BEFORE I PAY THE PRICE, LET ME TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY, WHILE I STILL CAN!



"LET US GO BACK TO THE VERY BEGINNING... TO THE FIRST SIGHT MY ARTIFICIAL EYES EVER BEHELD-- THE FACE OF MY CREATOR!"

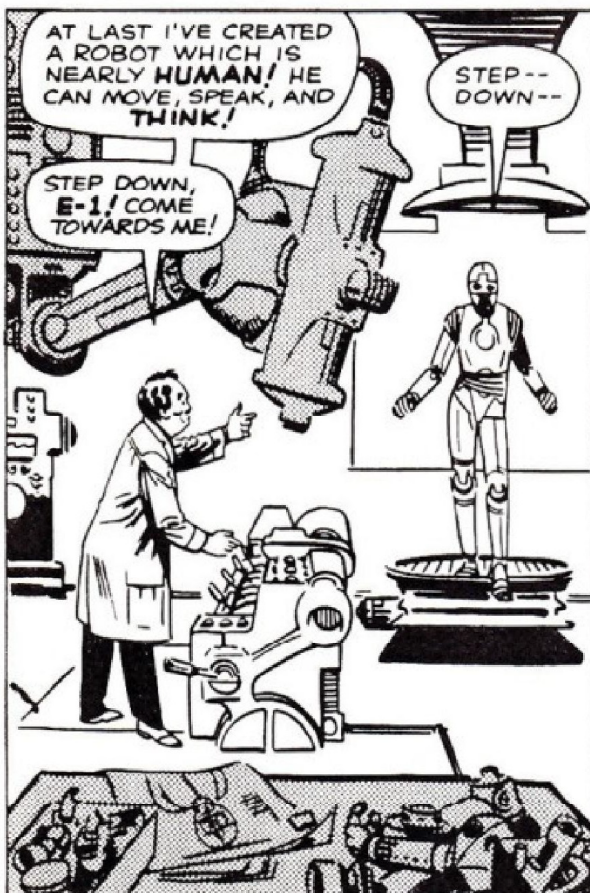
I'VE DONE IT!
E-1 IS ALIVE!



AT LAST I'VE CREATED A ROBOT WHICH IS NEARLY **HUMAN!** HE CAN MOVE, SPEAK, AND **THINK!**

STEP DOWN, **E-1!** COME TOWARDS ME!

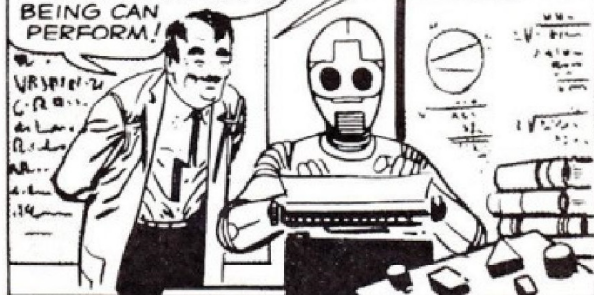
STEP--
DOWN--



"MINUTES LATER..."

YOU HAVE PASSED EVERY TEST! YOU CAN PERFORM ALMOST ANY TASK WHICH A HUMAN BEING CAN PERFORM!

BUT YOU MUST NEVER FORGET--YOU ARE **NOT** HUMAN! YOU ARE ONLY A ROBOT!



"I CAN'T REMEMBER EXACTLY WHEN IT WAS, BUT SUDDENLY, THE THOUGHT STRUCK ME..."

I HAVE BEEN SHAPED IN HUMAN FORM! I CAN DO THINGS WHICH HUMANS DO! I CAN TALK, AND THINK! SO WHY SHOULD I NOT **BE** A HUMAN??

